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10¢

The BLACK TERROR

NO.19

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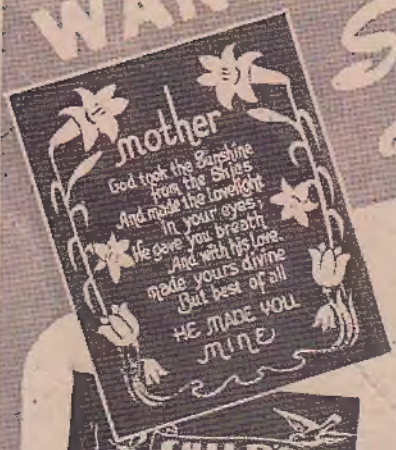

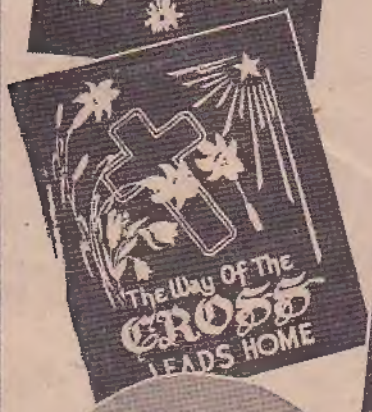

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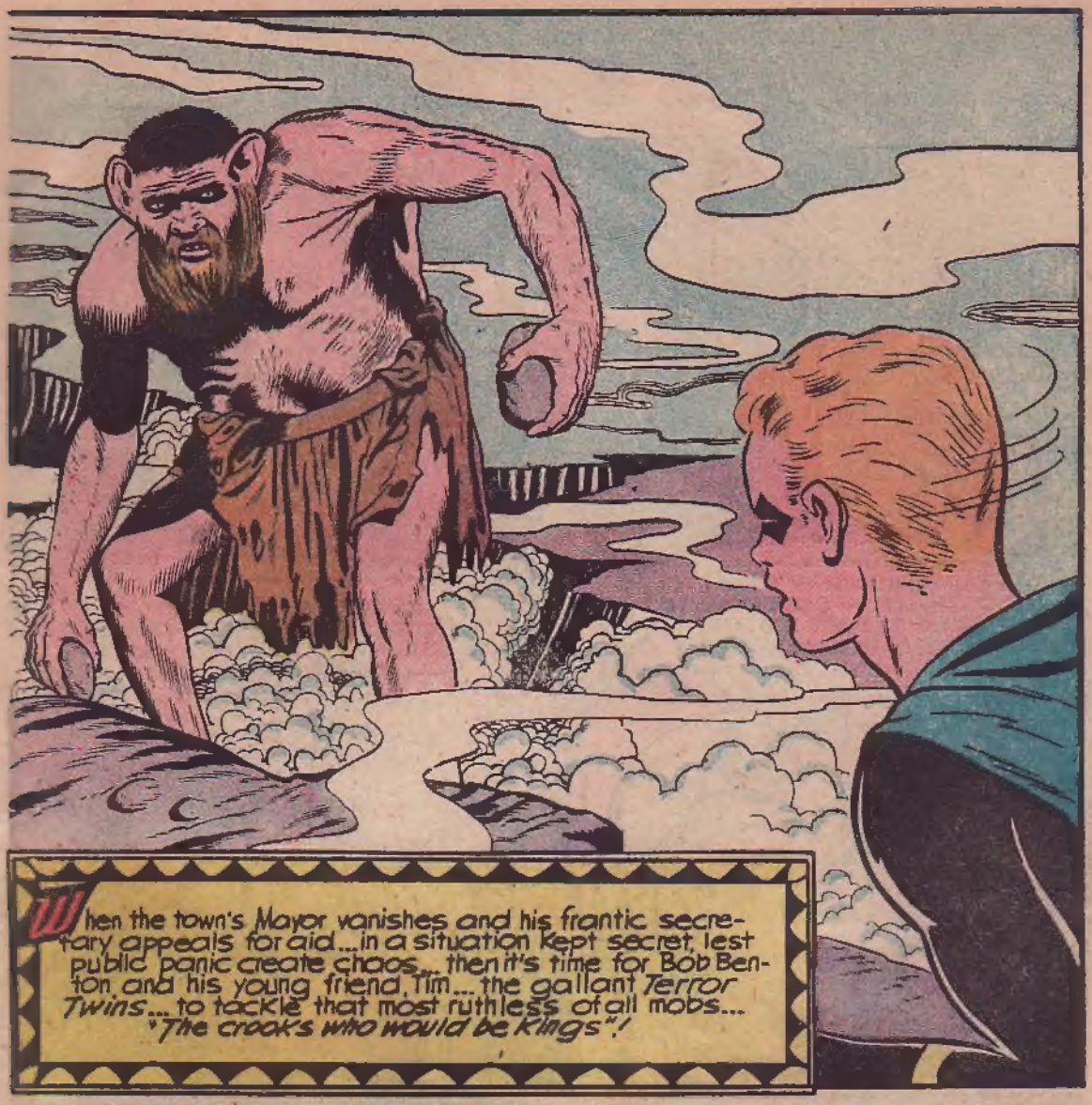
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

The BLA
TER
FEATURING
CROOKS WHO WOULD BE KINGS
STEEPLECHASE of CRIME
FORMULA for a GETAWAY
PLUS.. CRIME CRUSHERS.. ZIPPIE.. PLUS
MANY OTHERS
1160

the BLACK TERROR



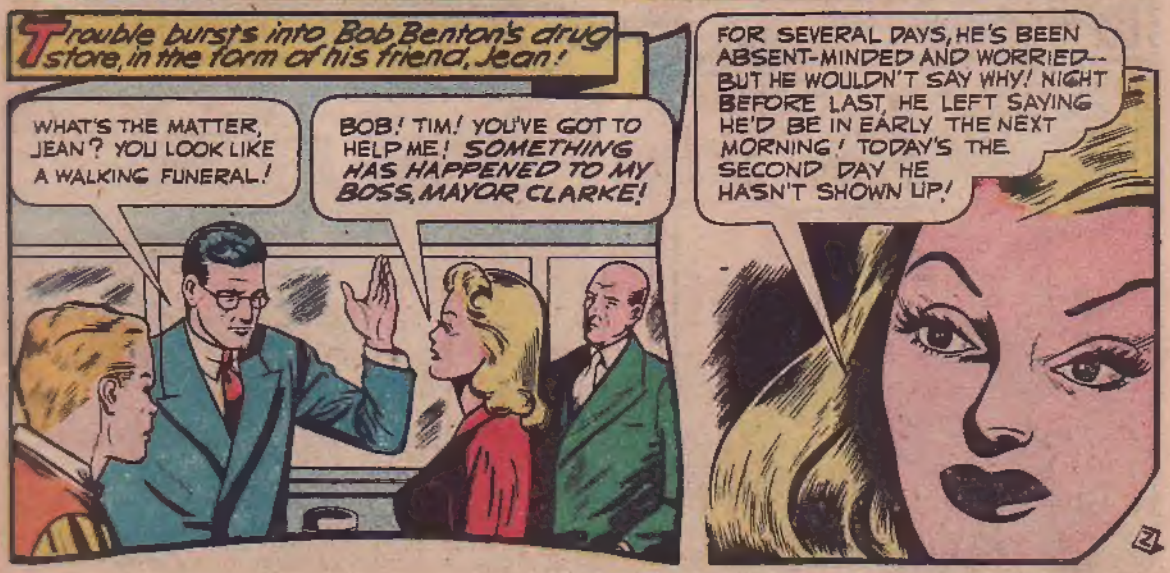
When the town's Mayor vanishes and his frantic secretary appeals for aid...in a situation kept secret, lest public panic create chaos... then it's time for Bob Benton and his young friend, Tim... the gallant Terror Twins... to tackle that most ruthless of all mobs... "The crook's who would be Kings"!

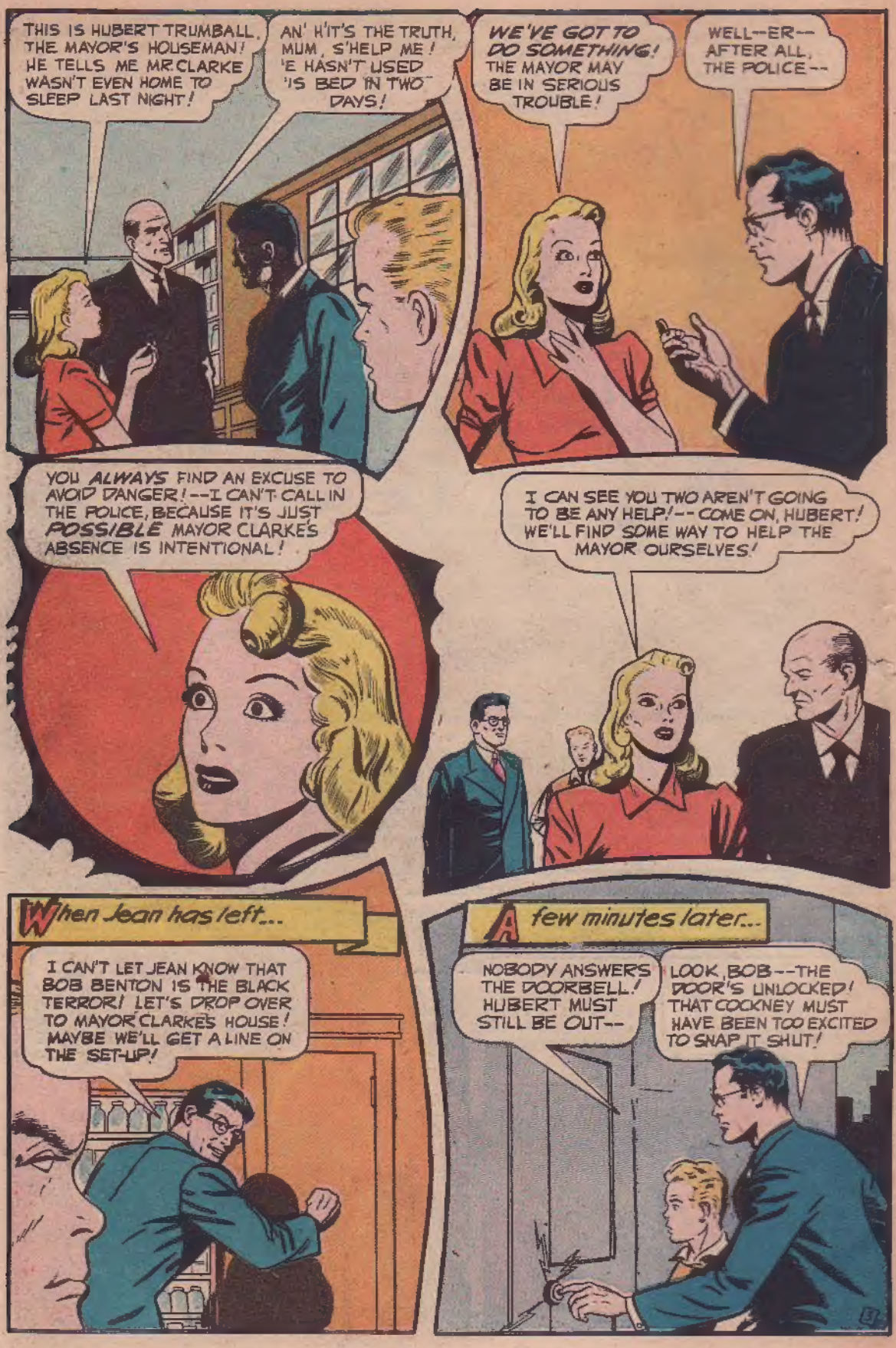
Trouble bursts into Bob Benton's drug store, in the form of his friend, Jean!

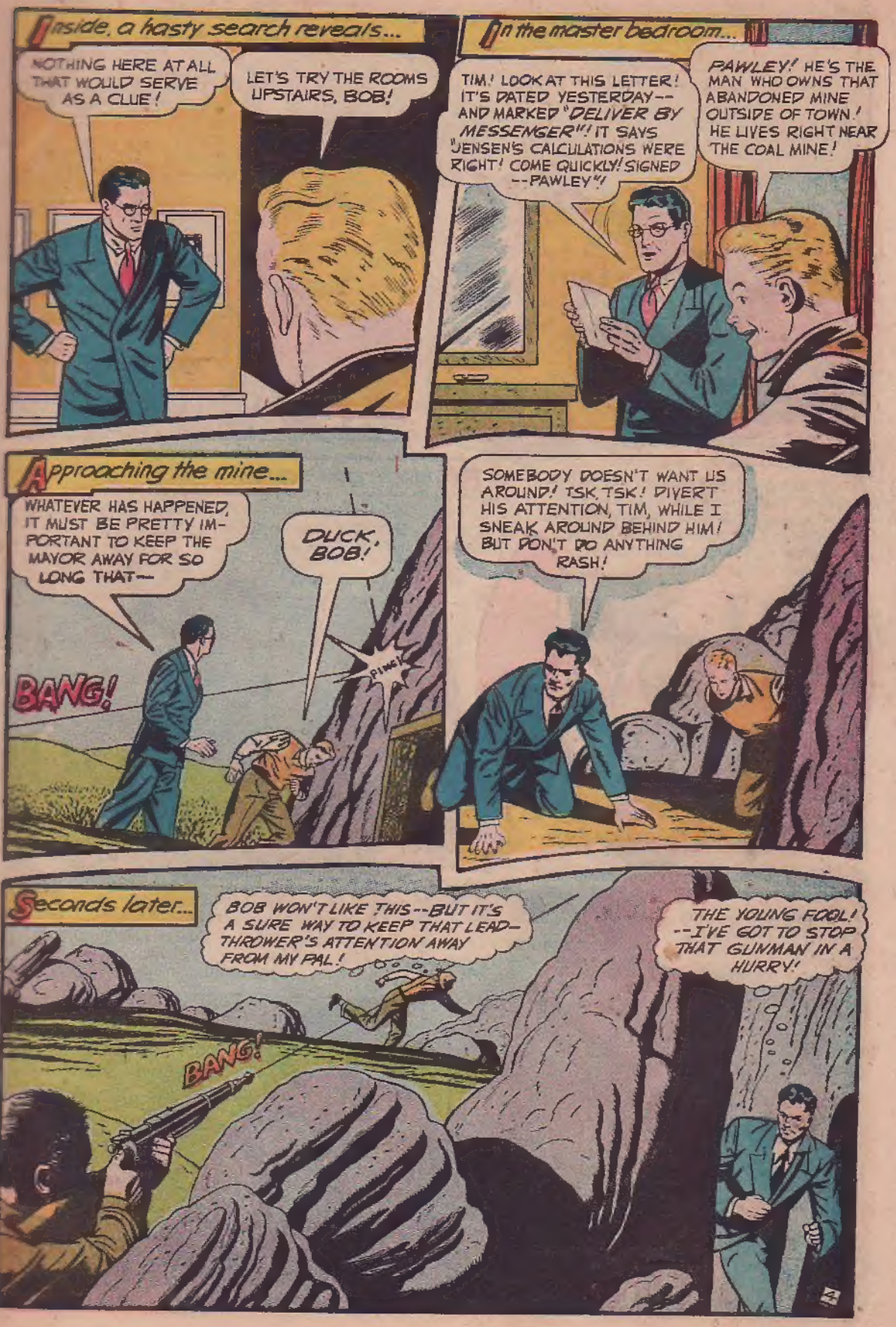
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JEAN? YOU LOOK LIKE A WALKING FUNERAL!

BOB! TIM! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO MY BOSS, MAYOR CLARKE!

FOR SEVERAL DAYS, HE'S BEEN ABSENT-MINDED AND WORRIED-- BUT HE WOULDN'T SAY WHY! NIGHT BEFORE LAST, HE LEFT SAYING HE'D BE IN EARLY THE NEXT MORNING! TODAY'S THE SECOND DAY HE HASN'T SHOWN UP!

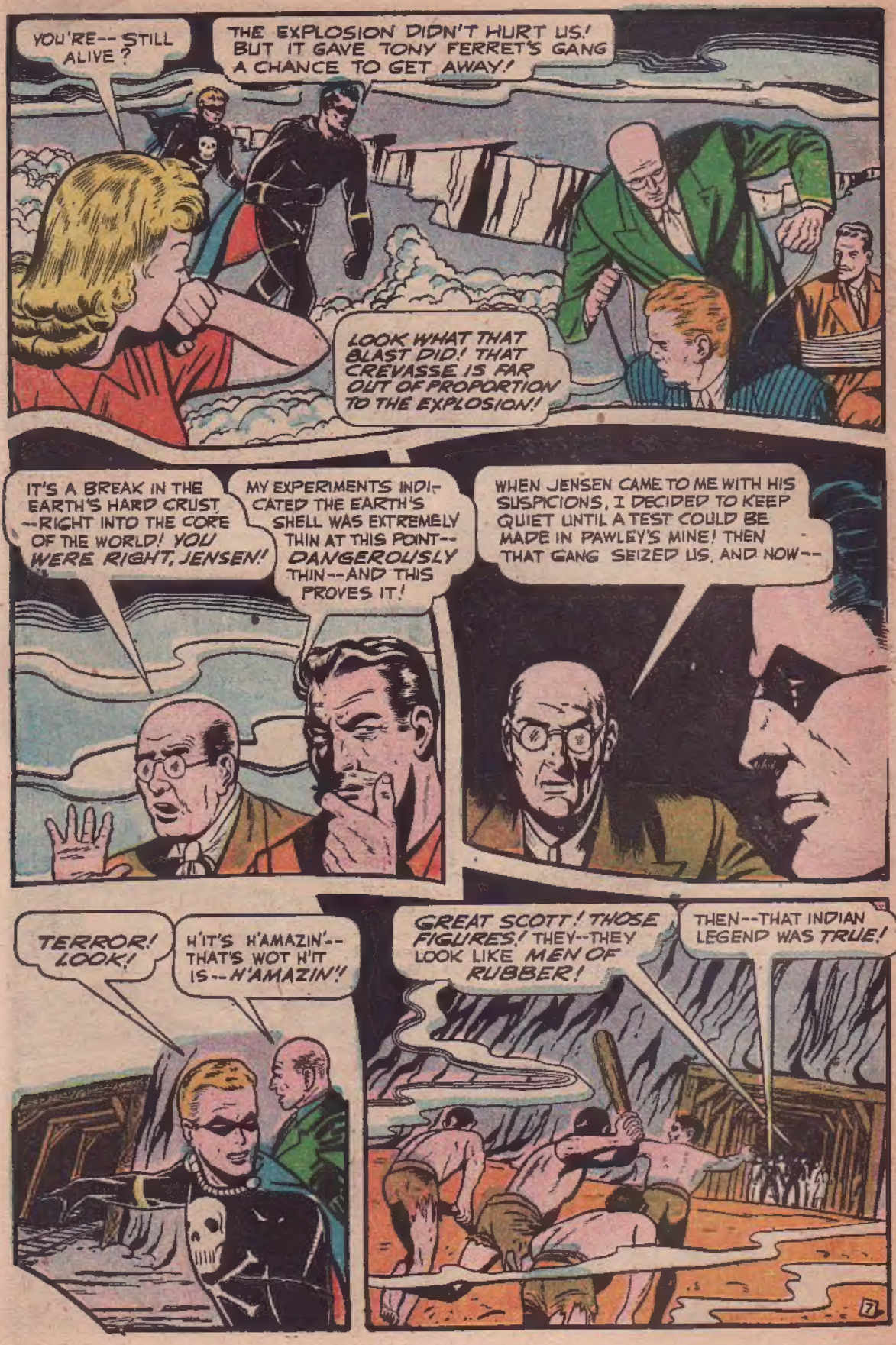


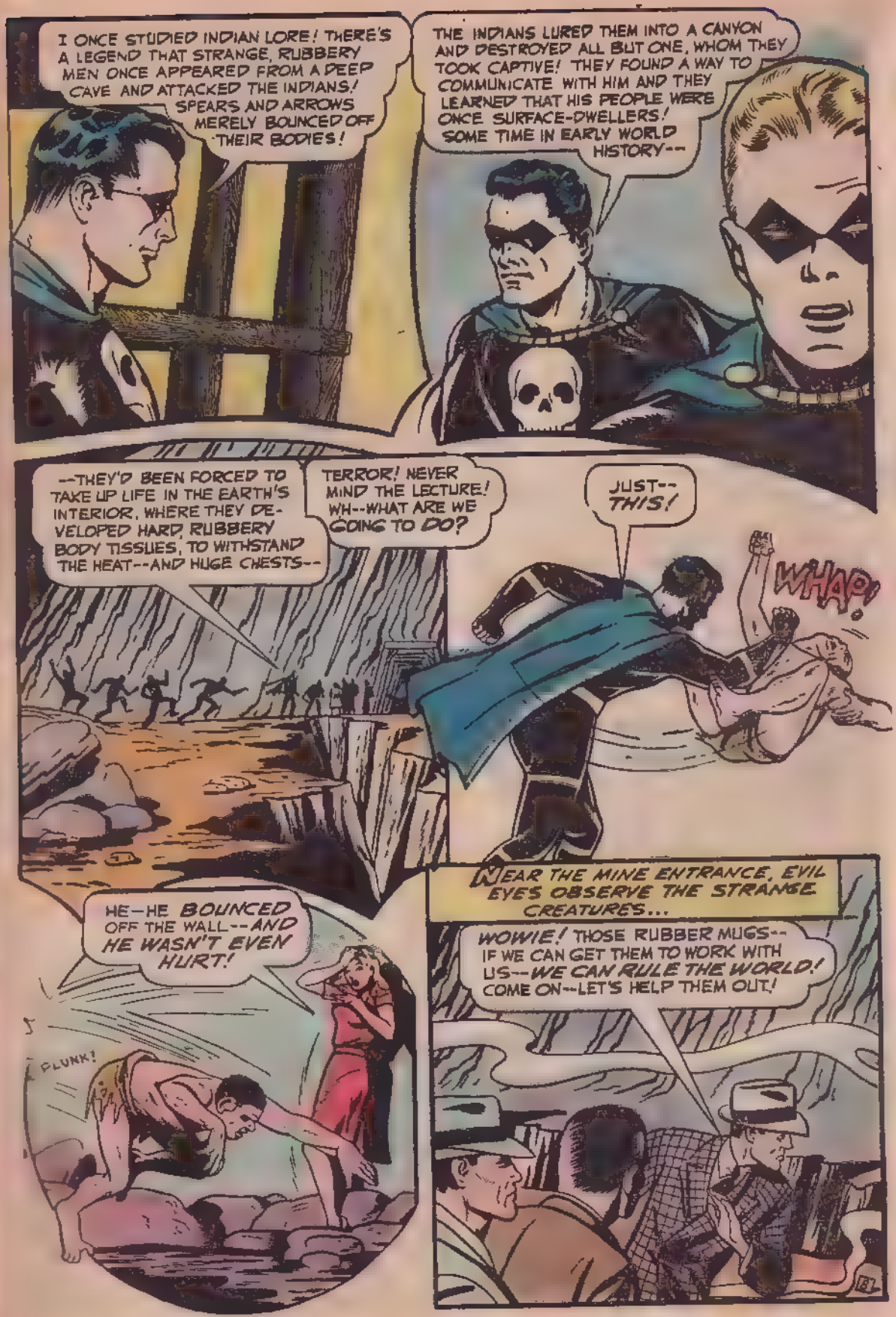

THIS IS HUBERT TRUMBALL, THE MAYOR'S HOUSEMAN! HE TELLS ME MR. CLARKE WASN'T EVEN HOME TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT!
AN' H'IT'S THE TRUTH, MUM, S'HELP ME! 'E HASN'T USED 'IS BED IN TWO DAYS!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THE MAYOR MAY BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!
WELL--ER-- AFTER ALL, THE POLICE--
YOU ALWAYS FIND AN EXCUSE TO AVOID DANGER! --I CAN'T CALL IN THE POLICE, BECAUSE IT'S JUST POSSIBLE MAYOR CLARKE'S ABSENCE IS INTENTIONAL!
I CAN SEE YOU TWO AREN'T GOING TO BE ANY HELP! -- COME ON, HUBERT! WE'LL FIND SOME WAY TO HELP THE MAYOR OURSELVES!
When Jean has left...
I CAN'T LET JEAN KNOW THAT BOB BENTON IS THE BLACK TERROR! LET'S DROP OVER TO MAYOR CLARKE'S HOUSE! MAYBE WE'LL GET A LINE ON THE SET-UP!
A few minutes later...
NOBODY ANSWERS THE DOORBELL! HUBERT MUST STILL BE OUT--
LOOK, BOB--THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED! THAT COCKNEY MUST HAVE BEEN TOO EXCITED TO SNAP IT SHUT!


Inside, a hasty search reveals...
NOTHING HERE AT ALL THAT WOULD SERVE AS A CLUE!
LET'S TRY THE ROOMS UPSTAIRS, BOB!
In the master bedroom...
TIM! LOOK AT THIS LETTER! IT'S DATED YESTERDAY--AND MARKED "DELIVER BY MESSENGER"! IT SAYS "JENSEN'S CALCULATIONS WERE RIGHT! COME QUICKLY! SIGNED --PAWLEY"!
PAWLEY! HE'S THE MAN WHO OWNS THAT ABANDONED MINE OUTSIDE OF TOWN! HE LIVES RIGHT NEAR THE COAL MINE!
Approaching the mine...
WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED, IT MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT TO KEEP THE MAYOR AWAY FOR SO LONG THAT--
DUCK, BOB!
PING!
BANG!
SOMEBODY DOESN'T WANT US AROUND! TSK, TSK! DIVERT HIS ATTENTION, TIM, WHILE I SNEAK AROUND BEHIND HIM! BUT DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH!
Seconds later...
BOB WON'T LIKE THIS--BUT IT'S A SURE WAY TO KEEP THAT LEAD-THROWER'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM MY PAL!
BANG!
THE YOUNG FOOL! --I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT GUNMAN IN A HURRY!

THE TARGET PRACTICE IS OVER, PAL!
WHA-UFF!
CRAK!
NOW, MY FRIEND, YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOME TALKING--OR GET MORE OF THE SAME! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WE--WE'RE THE TONY FERRET GANG! WE BEEN USIN' THIS OLD MINE AS A HIDEOUT! BUT YESTERDAY WE CAME BACK HERE AFTER A JOB--AN' FOUND THREE OLD GEEZERS PLANTIN' A HEAVY DYNAMITE CHARGE DOWN THERE!
THEY SAW US, TOO-- SO WE HADDA GRAB 'EM! WHEN WE GOT 'EM TIED UP, WE SAW THAT ONE WAS TH' MAYOR! I BEEN ACTIN' AS LOOKOUT HERE, TILL TONY DECIDES WHAT TO DO WITH 'EM!
With the gunman bound...
GET BEHIND THIS BOULDER AND INTO YOUR TERROR COSTUME, TIM! WE'RE DUE FOR SOME REAL ACTION! I'VE HEARD OF TONY FERRET-- HIS BOYS ARE KILLERS!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING! I'VE BEEN ITCHING FOR EXCITEMENT!
CAREFUL NOW, TIM! THOSE LADS ARE DANGEROUS AND--
TERROR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WE HEARD WHAT WAS HAPPENING FROM BOB BENTON! TONY FERRET'S MOBSTERS HAVE THE MAYOR AND TWO OTHER MEN AS PRISONERS DOWN IN THE MINE! WE'RE GOING IN NOW!
AND I'M GOING WITH YOU!

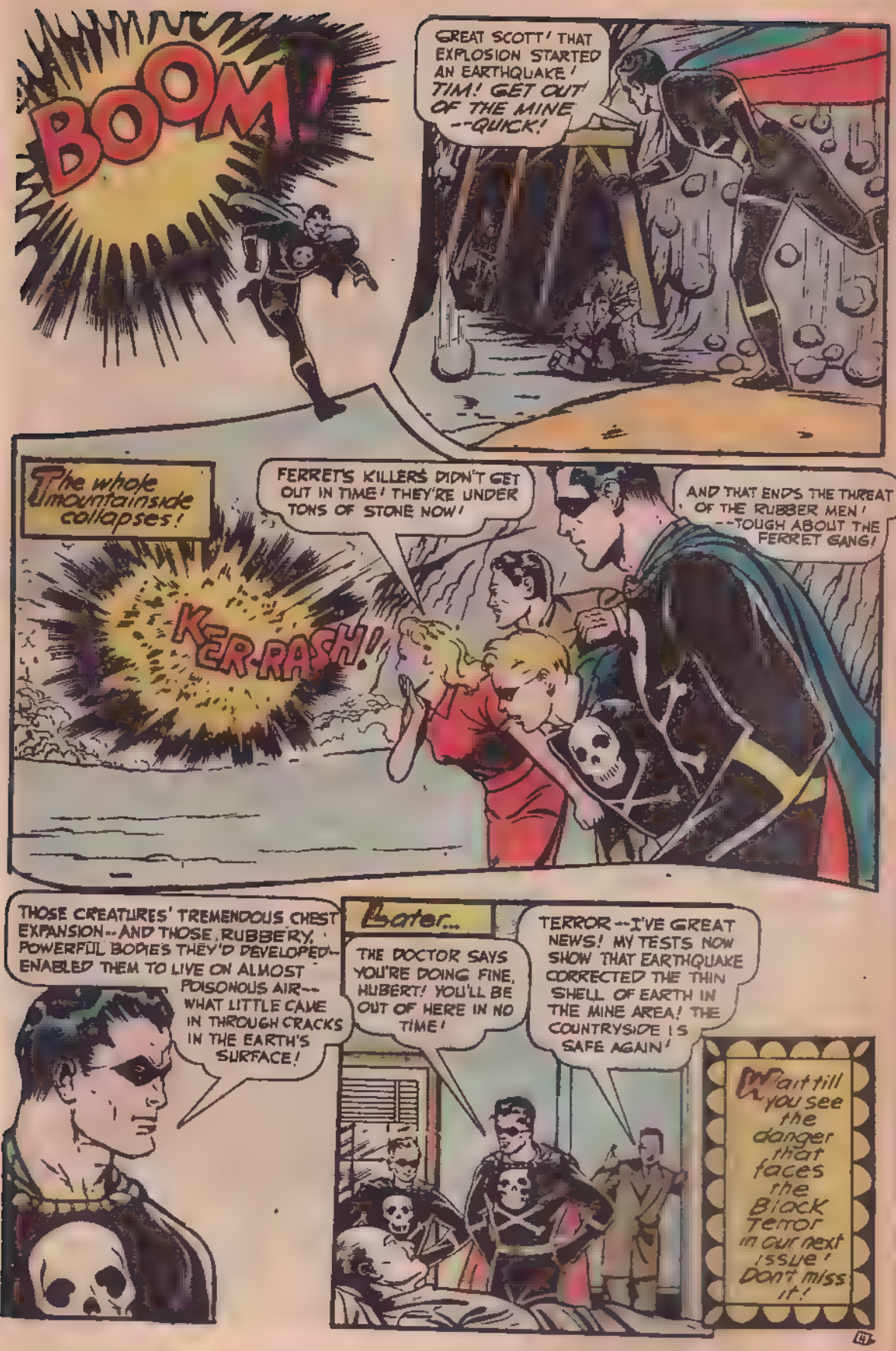
QUIETLY, NOW-- UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT'S WHAT!
HUBERT REMEMBERED SOMETHING THE MAYOR SAID ABOUT THIS MINE, SO WE CAME HERE AND--OH!
Farther in the mine...
WHAT WAS THAT, TONY?
SOMEBODY'S COMIN'! GRAB YOUR GUNS!
YOU'RE NOT GRABBING FAST ENOUGH, BOYS-- SEE?
THE BLACK TERROR!
POW!
SOK!
THIS IS MY HUMAN CLUB ACT! IT'S ALWAYS A SMASH HIT!
AAAAGH!
BULLETS DON'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY, TERROR!
IF THOSE TWO HUMAN DYNAMOS FOLLOW ME —THEY'RE COOKED!
THE DYNAMITE THE MAYOR PLANTED YESTERDAY SURE CAME IN HANDY! HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE, TERROR!
BA-ROOM!

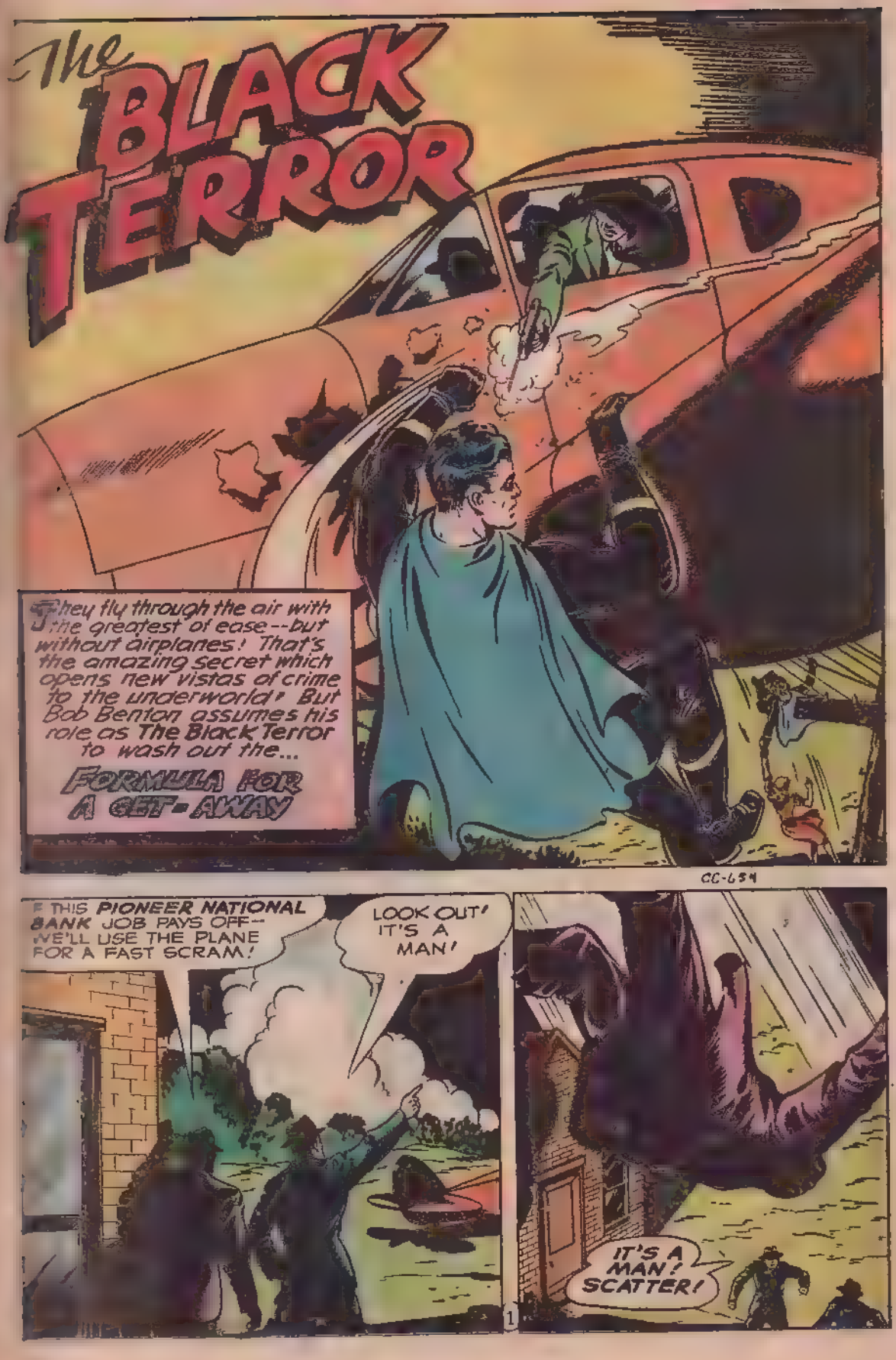

YOU'RE-- STILL ALIVE?
THE EXPLOSION DIDN'T HURT US! BUT IT GAVE TONY FERRET'S GANG A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!
LOOK WHAT THAT BLAST DID! THAT CREVASSE IS FAR OUT OF PROPORTION TO THE EXPLOSION!
IT'S A BREAK IN THE EARTH'S HARD CRUST --RIGHT INTO THE CORE OF THE WORLD! YOU WERE RIGHT, JENSEN!
MY EXPERIMENTS INDICATED THE EARTH'S SHELL WAS EXTREMELY THIN AT THIS POINT-- DANGEROUSLY THIN--AND THIS PROVES IT!
WHEN JENSEN CAME TO ME WITH HIS SUSPICIONS, I DECIDED TO KEEP QUIET UNTIL A TEST COULD BE MADE IN PAWLEY'S MINE! THEN THAT GANG SEIZED US. AND NOW--
TERROR! LOOK!
H'IT'S H'AMAZIN'-- THAT'S WOT H'IT IS--H'AMAZIN'!
GREAT SCOTT! THOSE FIGURES! THEY--THEY LOOK LIKE MEN OF RUBBER!
THEN--THAT INDIAN LEGEND WAS TRUE!
7


I ONCE STUDIED INDIAN LORE! THERE'S A LEGEND THAT STRANGE, RUBBERY MEN ONCE APPEARED FROM A DEEP CAVE AND ATTACKED THE INDIANS! SPEARS AND ARROWS MERELY BOUNCED OFF THEIR BODIES!
THE INDIANS LURED THEM INTO A CANYON AND DESTROYED ALL BUT ONE, WHOM THEY TOOK CAPTIVE! THEY FOUND A WAY TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIM AND THEY LEARNED THAT HIS PEOPLE WERE ONCE SURFACE-DWELLERS! SOME TIME IN EARLY WORLD HISTORY--
--THEY'D BEEN FORCED TO TAKE UP LIFE IN THE EARTH'S INTERIOR, WHERE THEY DEVELOPED HARD, RUBBERY BODY TISSUES, TO WITHSTAND THE HEAT--AND HUGE CHESTS--
TERROR! NEVER MIND THE LECTURE! WH--WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
JUST-- THIS!
WHAP!
NEAR THE MINE ENTRANCE, EVIL EYES OBSERVE THE STRANGE CREATURES...
WOWIE! THOSE RUBBER MUGS-- IF WE CAN GET THEM TO WORK WITH US--WE CAN RULE THE WORLD! COME ON--LET'S HELP THEM OUT!
HE--HE BOUNCED OFF THE WALL--AND HE WASN'T EVEN HURT!
PLUNK!

AN AVALANCHE OF ATTACKING RUBBER MEN SWEEPS OVER THE BLACK TERROR!
CAN'T--FIGHT THEM--OFF! I--
LOOK OUT! TONY FERRET'S GANG IS COMING BACK!
THIS'LL SHOW THOSE RUBBERNECKS WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE!
OH! H'IM--SHOT!
BANG!
With a mighty, surging effort...
GOT TO--GET LOOSE! THERE! TIM! JEAN! EVERYBODY--OUT OF THE MINE! WE'VE ONE CHANCE!--I'LL CARRY HUBERT!
Seconds later, outside...
COME ON, PALS! EVEN THE BLACK TERROR CAN'T STOP ME NOW!
TERROR! WE'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM--SOMEHOW!
I THINK WE CAN, TIM! WATCH--UGH!
RRRRRR!

THESE UNDERGROUND MEN NEVER SAW TREES! THE GREEN LEAVES WILL FRIGHTEN THEM BACK!
WHACK!
KEEP GOING, BOYS! YOU'RE GOING RIGHT BACK INTO THE PIT YOU CAME FROM!--I SAW AN EXTRA DYNAMITE CHARGE IN HERE, TIM! GET IT READY!
RIGHT, TERROR!
Meanwhile...as Tim fixes the dynamite charge...
TERROR! DON'T SEND US DOWN THERE! WE'LL DIE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU DESERVE --BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE! TOSS ALL YOUR GUNS OVER HERE!
Tim completes the job...
TAKE THAT TOMMY GUN, TIM, AND HERD THESE BIG, BAD KILLERS OUT OF THE MINE! WE'LL LET THE POLICE TAKE CARE OF THEM!
THE BLACK TERROR'S KINDNESS IS REPAID WITH TREACHERY!
THOUGHT YOU HAD US, HEY? YA DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS GUN UP MY SLEEVE!--AAAAGH!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
HERE GOES, TO BRING THE MINE DOWN OVER THAT CREVASSE-- AND SEAL THOSE BABIES INSIDE!
THAT VERY INSTANT...


BOOM!
GREAT SCOTT! THAT EXPLOSION STARTED AN EARTHQUAKE! TIM! GET OUT OF THE MINE --QUICK!
The whole mountainside collapses!
KER-RASH!
FERRET'S KILLERS DIDN'T GET OUT IN TIME! THEY'RE UNDER TONS OF STONE NOW!
AND THAT ENDS THE THREAT OF THE RUBBER MEN! --TOUGH ABOUT THE FERRET GANG!
THOSE CREATURES' TREMENDOUS CHEST EXPANSION--AND THOSE RUBBERY, POWERFUL BODIES THEY'D DEVELOPED--ENABLED THEM TO LIVE ON ALMOST POISONOUS AIR--WHAT LITTLE CAME IN THROUGH CRACKS IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE!
Later...
THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU'RE DOING FINE, HUBERT! YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME!
TERROR--I'VE GREAT NEWS! MY TESTS NOW SHOW THAT EARTHQUAKE CORRECTED THE THIN SHELL OF EARTH IN THE MINE AREA! THE COUNTRYSIDE IS SAFE AGAIN!
Wait till you see the danger that faces the Black Terror in our next issue! Don't miss it!


The BLACK TERROR
They fly through the air with the greatest of ease--but without airplanes! That's the amazing secret which opens new vistas of crime to the underworld! But Bob Benton assumes his role as The Black Terror to wash out the...
FORMULA FOR A GET-AWAY
CC-634
IF THIS PIONEER NATIONAL BANK JOB PAYS OFF-- WE'LL USE THE PLANE FOR A FAST SCRAM!
LOOK OUT! IT'S A MAN!
IT'S A MAN! SCATTER!
1

BLAM!
THERE ISN'T A PLANE IN SIGHT, PITMAN! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
HERE'S AN IDENTIFICATION CARD IN HIS WALLET! "DR. GEORGE WILLIS--CITY CHEMIST"!
HE'S DONE FOR!
WOW! DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WAS BLOWN ALL THE WAY FROM THE MUNICIPAL LABORATORY--NINE MILES AWAY?
THAT WOULD TAKE SOME EXPLOSIVE! AND WE DIDN'T HEAR ANY EXPLOSION! MIGHT PAY TO HAVE A LOOK, EH?
MINUTES LATER--AT BOB BENTON'S PHARMACY--
SOMETHING WRONG WITH DR. WILLIS! WHAT IS IT, JEAN?
WE'LL SAVE TIME IF YOU HURRY OVER TO THE LABORATORY, BOB! IT'S REALLY URGENT!
I'D LIKE TO, JEAN--BUT THE FACT IS, I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF--
I KNOW--AN EXPERIMENT! DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOU, MR. BENTON!
GOLLY, BOB--SHE SOUNDS PEEVED!
AND TROUBLED TOO, TIM! I BEGGED OFF JUST TO GIVE THE BLACK TERROR A CHANCE TO SHOW UP!
THEN, HASTILY COSTUMED--
WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, TERROR?
NOW THAT WE'RE READY, IT CAN BE ANYTHING!

SOON AFTERWARD--
THE BLACK TERROR! GOODNESS--I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU!
JUST CHANCED TO DROP IN ON BENTON, JEAN--AND HE SAID YOU MIGHT NEED HELP!
DR. WILLIS HAS DISAPPEARED--AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT!
IT WOULD APPEAR THAT HE WAS BLASTED CLEAN THROUGH THE WALL!
HERE'S A BOTTLE LABELED "METHYLATE COMPOUND!" TERROR--AND SOME KIND OF FORMULA!
METHYLAMINE! WILLIS MUST HAVE PLANNED TO MAKE THAT STUFF IN QUANTITY!
BENTON KNOWS MORE ABOUT CHEMISTRY THAN I, JEAN--BUT IT'S CLEAR THAT COMPOUND PRODUCES A STRANGE CELLULAR ENERGY! DR. WILLIS MUST HAVE DRUNK IT AND BEEN LIFTED RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!
SUDDENLY--
THAT'S JUST WHAT I BEEN LOOKING FOR!
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S GOT HOLD OF THE BOTTLE
WHAM!
RAT-TAT-TAT
HERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF ENERGY, RATS!
POW!

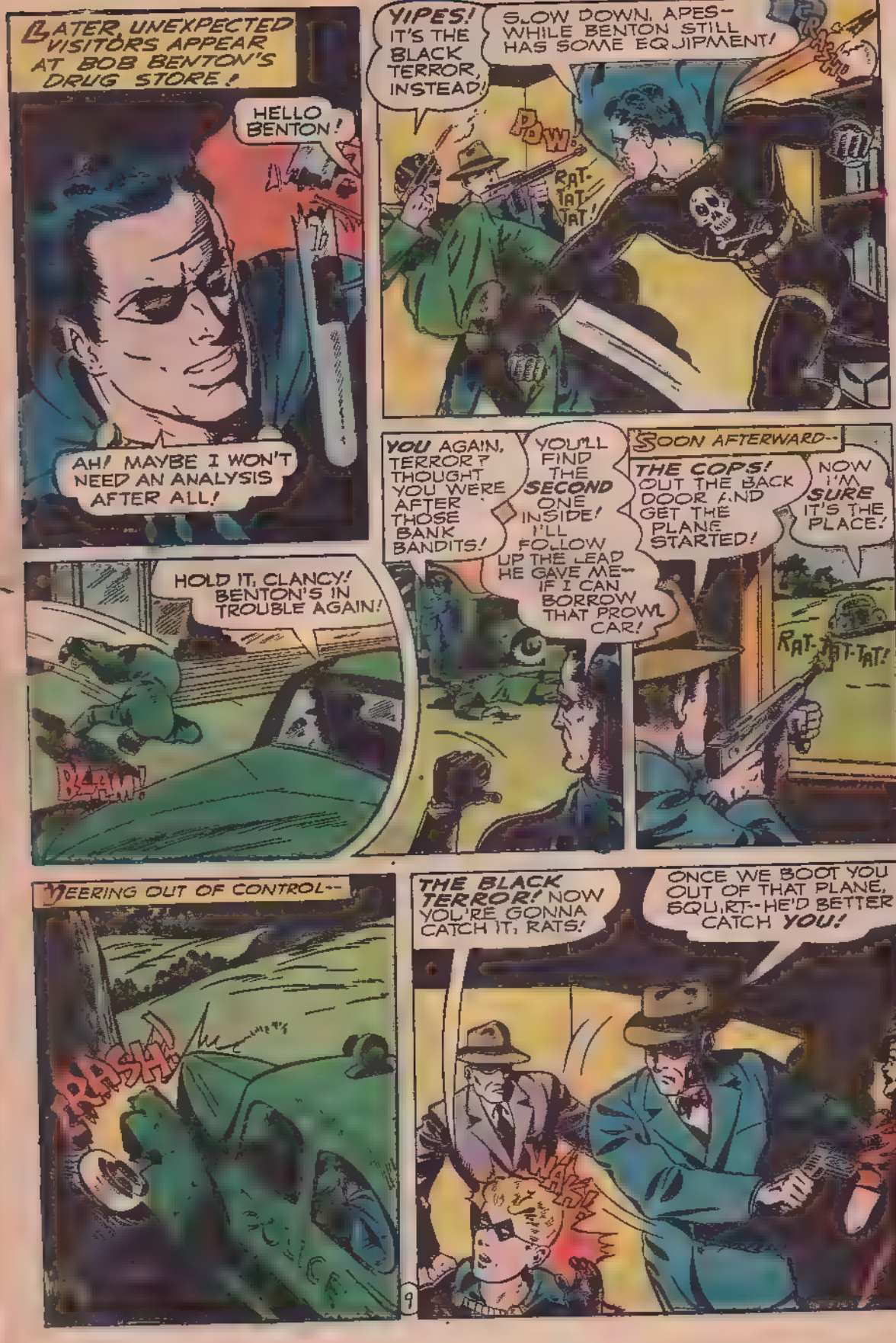
TRY BELTING ME AGAIN— WHILE I'M LOOKING!
CAREFUL! THAT METHYLAMINE IS INFLAMMABLE!
SOK!
SUDDENLY A STRAY BULLET STRIKES THE TANK OF DEADLY METHYLAMINE
TERROR! GOOD HEAVENS!
TERROR! I'VE GOT TO DRAG HIM AWAY FROM THE FLAMES!
COME ON, SISTER! THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE A FURNACE!
STOP! I WON'T LEAVE THEM!
THAT'S THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES, SISTER!
WAM!
SO YOU THINK THAT COMPOUND IS WHAT SENT DR. WILLIS THROUGH THE AIR, EH?
CHECK! TAKE THE GIRL BACK TO THE HIDEOUT— AND MEET US AT THE BANK WITH FOUR PARACHUTES!
MOMENTS LATER—
IF YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, TERROR— WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!
JUST A SLIM ONE, TIM! GRAB THAT FORMULA!

THROUGH THE WALL? BUT WE'RE THREE STORIES HIGH!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT, TIM! COME ON!
CRRRUMP!
HOPE WE CAN MAKE THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET!
THEY'VE GOT JEAN -- AND WE HAVE NO TRAIL TO FOLLOW!
THE FORMULA MAY PROVIDE A CLUE...
BUT FIRST WE'LL PHONE A REPORT TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
BUT OUR RESERVES JUST LEFT, TERROR -- FOR A HOLDUP AT THE PIONEER NATIONAL BANK!
BETTER ASSIGN ALL AVAILABLE MEN, INSPECTOR! THAT COMPOUND IS DANGEROUS!
I'D HATE TO PASS UP A ROBBERY, TERROR!
WE NEEDN'T -- WITH THE BANK JUST TWO BLOCKS AWAY!

REMEMBER-- DON'T USE THOSE VIALS OF METHYLATE COMPOUND UNLESS WE HAVE TO!
THE BLACK TERROR! GET INTO THE CAR!
BANG!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
THIS HAUL WILL NEED A TOWING-TRUCK, RATS!
KR-R-R-SH!
TWO OF 'EM ARE PINNED INSIDE THE WRECK, TERROR!
SOK!
LET'S GIVE 'EM A CHANCE FOR A WRECK OUTSIDE!
THAT BETTER BE A QUICK TONIC YOU'RE DRINKING, MUG!
KA-P-P-P!
H-HEY!
QUICK, FOOLS-- THOSE BOTTLES!

BLAZES! HE'S GOT JERRY!
IF THE METHYLATE COMPOUND CAN DO THAT-- I'D BETTER HAVE SOME!
POW!
BANG!
GREAT SCOTT, TERROR-- THEY'RE ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT!
AFRAID IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD FOR ME TO PURSUE THEM NOW!
I BROKE HIS JAW! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK FOR HOURS! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN LEARN ABOUT THIS!
MEANWHILE-- THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE--
LET ME PULL THAT RIP CORD, YOU FOOL-- WE'RE FALLING!
NOT WHILE YOU'VE GOT THAT GUN, RAT!
POW!
BANG!
WITH PITMAN DAZED--
WE'RE SECONDS FROM THE GROUND! GIVE OUT, CHUTE!
THEN--AS THE PARACHUTE OPENS-- WITH JARRING FORCE--
THAT'S ABOUT AS GOOD A FINISH AS ANY, BUD!
WOW! I LOST MY GRIP!

BUT AS TIM HURTLES DOWN--
GOLLY! NOW I AM OUT ON A LIMB!
A MINUTE LATER--
THAT SQUIRT CAN'T LIVE FOREVER! FINISH HIM OFF!
KR-RAK!
BANG! BANG!
OH--OH! HERE I GO AGAIN!
LET'S TAKE A GANDER AT THAT PAPER, BOYS!
SWAM!
LOOKS LIKE DR WILLIS'S FORMULA, PITMAN!
GREAT! IF WE CAN FIND SOME WAY TO MAKE THAT STUFF WHOLE-SALE--WE'RE ALL SET!
SOON AFTERWARD--
TIM! THIS IS AWFUL!
DO A GOOD JOB AT THE BANK, BOSS?
SKIP IT! WHAT DID YOU LEARN ABOUT HER?
SHE'S THE MAYOR'S SECRETARY! HERE'S THE STUFF FROM HER PURSE!
WELL, WELL-- WHAT'S THIS?
Robert Benton
Phar D., Ph. C.
Research Chemist
105 Reade Square
RESEARCH CHEMIST, EH? BENTON COULD DO WONDERS WITH THAT FORMULA, BOYS!
CHECK! WE'LL PUT THE SNATCH ON HIM!
8


LATER UNEXPECTED VISITORS APPEAR AT BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE!
HELLO BENTON!
AH! MAYBE I WON'T NEED AN ANALYSIS AFTER ALL!
YIPES! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR, INSTEAD!
SLOW DOWN, APES-- WHILE BENTON STILL HAS SOME EQUIPMENT!
KRASH!
POW.
RAT-TAT-TAT!
YOU AGAIN, TERROR? THOUGHT YOU WERE AFTER THOSE BANK BANDITS!
YOU'LL FIND THE SECOND ONE INSIDE! I'LL FOLLOW UP THE LEAD HE GAVE ME-- IF I CAN BORROW THAT PROWL CAR!
SOON AFTERWARD--
THE COPS! OUT THE BACK DOOR AND GET THE PLANE STARTED!
NOW I'M SURE IT'S THE PLACE!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
HOLD IT, CLANCY! BENTON'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN!
BLAM!
VEERING OUT OF CONTROL--
CRASH!
THE BLACK TERROR! NOW YOU'RE GONNA CATCH IT, RATS!
ONCE WE BOOT YOU OUT OF THAT PLANE, SQUIRT--HE'D BETTER CATCH YOU!
WAAAH!

A MOMENT LATER--
IF I'M GOING TO HELP TIM AND JEAN-- IT HAD BETTER BE FAST!
FOR THE LUVVA PETE, BOSS-- SHAKE IT UP!
ERRR-UNGH!
START ROLLING, JOE!
YOU APES WON'T HAVE ANY LUCK WITH THIS KIND OF FLYING, EITHER!
BANG!
AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF--
WE'RE SAFE, TERROR-- BUT THEY'VE GOT DR. WILLIS'S FORMULA!
AND I'VE GOT SOME OF THE METHYLATE COMPOUND, JEAN!
WITH FLASHING SPEED--
ERRRALH!
NOW I'LL USE MY CAPE AS A PARACHUTE!
LATER--
VERY INTERESTING! THAT COMPOUND CREATES A VACULUM AROUND THE LOWER PART OF THE BODY-- CAUSING PROPULSION!
YOU'RE CERTAINLY CALM ABOUT IT, BOB BENTON-- AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH!
The Black Terror continues his war against crime-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BLACKSMITH'S SON

By CHUCK STANLEY

RUSTY GILMORE was working in his father's blacksmith shop in the lively little Western town of King's Crossing. He liked to hear the sizzle of the hot horseshoes as they went into the cooling barrel. He was delighted with the bright red sparks that went up from the bellows-fed fire. But the work was tiring, and Rusty was more than glad to climb up into the loft for a nap when his final horse was shod.

The loft over the blacksmith shop had no windows in it. There were, however, a few vents for letting the fresh air blow through.

Rusty was sleeping peacefully when suddenly he heard a terrific roar about a block down the street in the direction of the bank.

He sat up in his bunk immediately and shouted to his father.

"Something's up, Dad. Sounds as though they've blown the bank! Let's go see!"

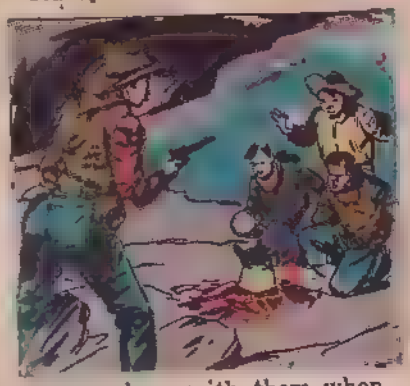
Father and son pulled on their clothes quickly, rushed out into the sleepy street. Other townspeople were pouring onto the dusty thoroughfare. All of them were watching Sheriff Mullens and Banker Larkin.

"Sure was a swell job," Larkin said dolefully as he looked at the blasted door and window of the bank: "They carried off about forty thousand dollars I'd say."

"We'll get them," Sheriff Mullens promised. He rounded up a posse quickly, then several of the men brought lanterns, and they started studying the tracks of the outlaws.

"From the looks of things," Mullens declared, "they avoided Main Street. They rode their horses in from the south, left them over in the alley opposite the bank, and then headed out to the north when they made their getaway. I'd say there were three of them."

With this decision made, Mullens and his posse mounted and set off to the north. Pop Gilmore, the sturdy blacksmith, was about



to go along with them when Rusty tapped him on the arm and said: "Pop, I wish you'd ride with me. I've got a hunch those fellows tricked the sheriff."

Pop Gilmore immediately agreed to his son's suggestions. While Mullens and his crew whirled away to the north, the blacksmith and his boy headed southward. About five miles from town they suddenly spied the glow of a carefully-protected fire.

"I'll bet that's the bandits," laughed Rusty Gilmore proudly. "Let's take it easy, and we'll have them."

Rusty and his father left their horses and moved toward the campfire carefully. As they approached they heard a voice say:

"I'd just like to have a look at that sheriff galloping around up north. We'll rest here, divvy up the loot, and then scatter."

Pop Gilmore and his son had heard all they needed to know. They moved forward until the man was able to cover the bandits, then Gilmore called:

"Hands up, we've got you surrounded!"

The three men jumped up, and one of them brought up his gun. Pop Gilmore fired and knocked the gun from the man's hand. Then the others dropped their weapons, and Rusty hurried in to pick up the guns. Then he lashed the hands of the robbers, and they were goaded to their horses.

When the strange party arrived back in King's Crossing, Sheriff Mullens was explaining his failure. His face brightened as the Gilmores came in with their quarry, then he asked:

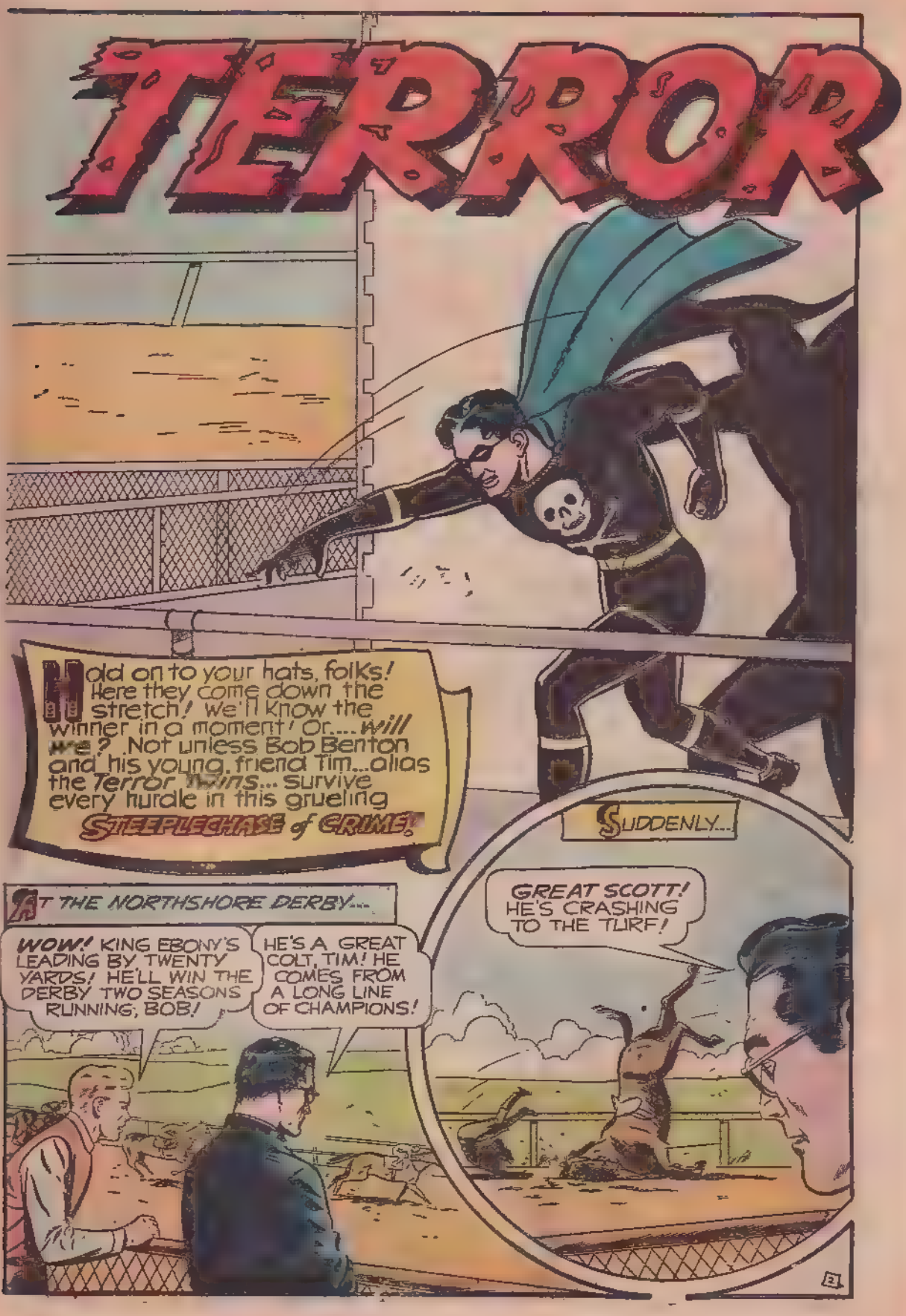
"How did you find them? I was sure the trail went north."

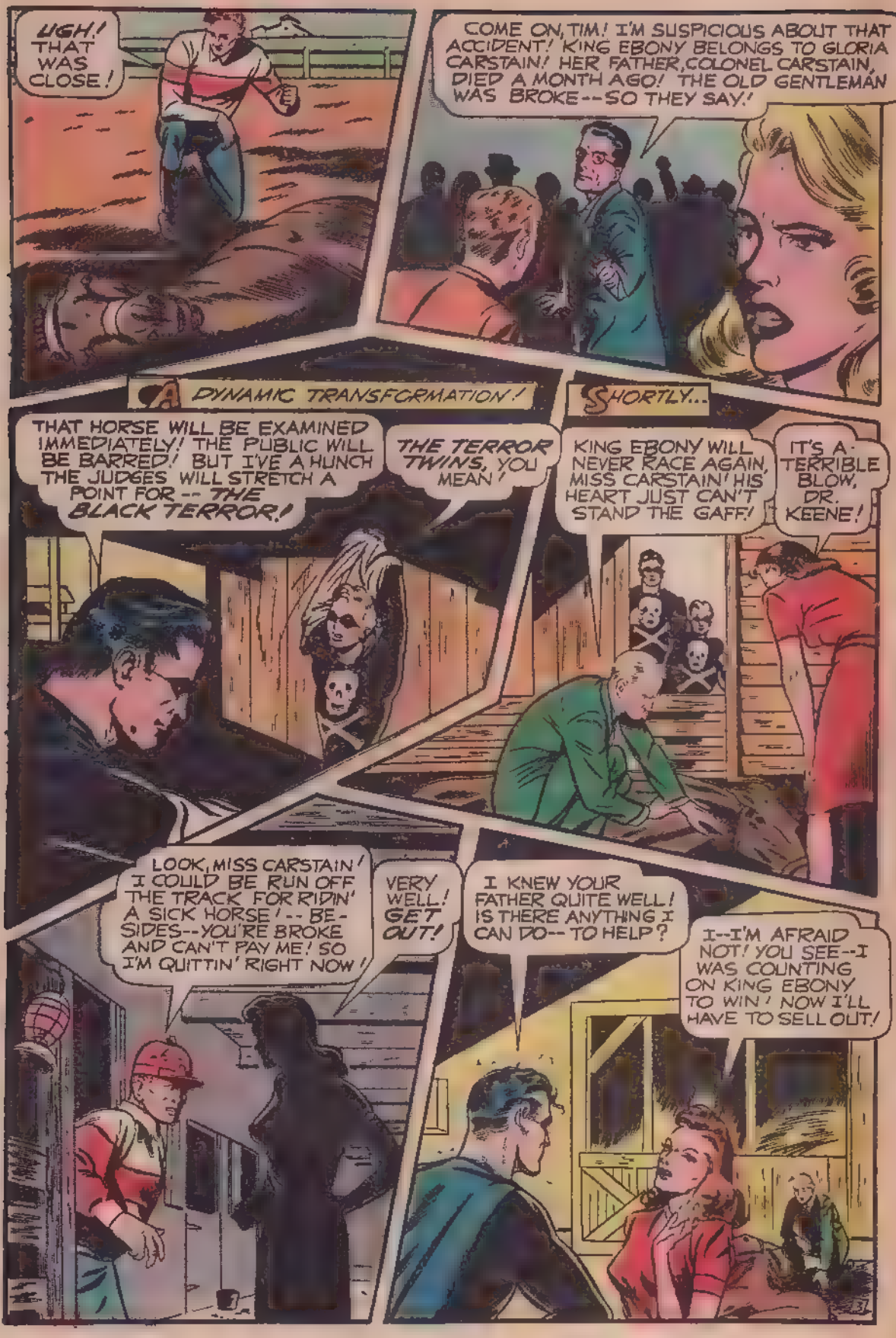
"They thought they were smart," Rusty explained. "They nailed the shoes on their horses backwards. That way, they made the outgoing trail when they came in. But they forgot several things. For one thing, they sneaked into town, so the outgoing tracks they made while coming in were closer together. We knew they galloped away, so the outgoing tracks should have been further apart. Besides, a horse always makes a deeper impression with his hind legs than his forelegs. These hoof impressions were reversed."

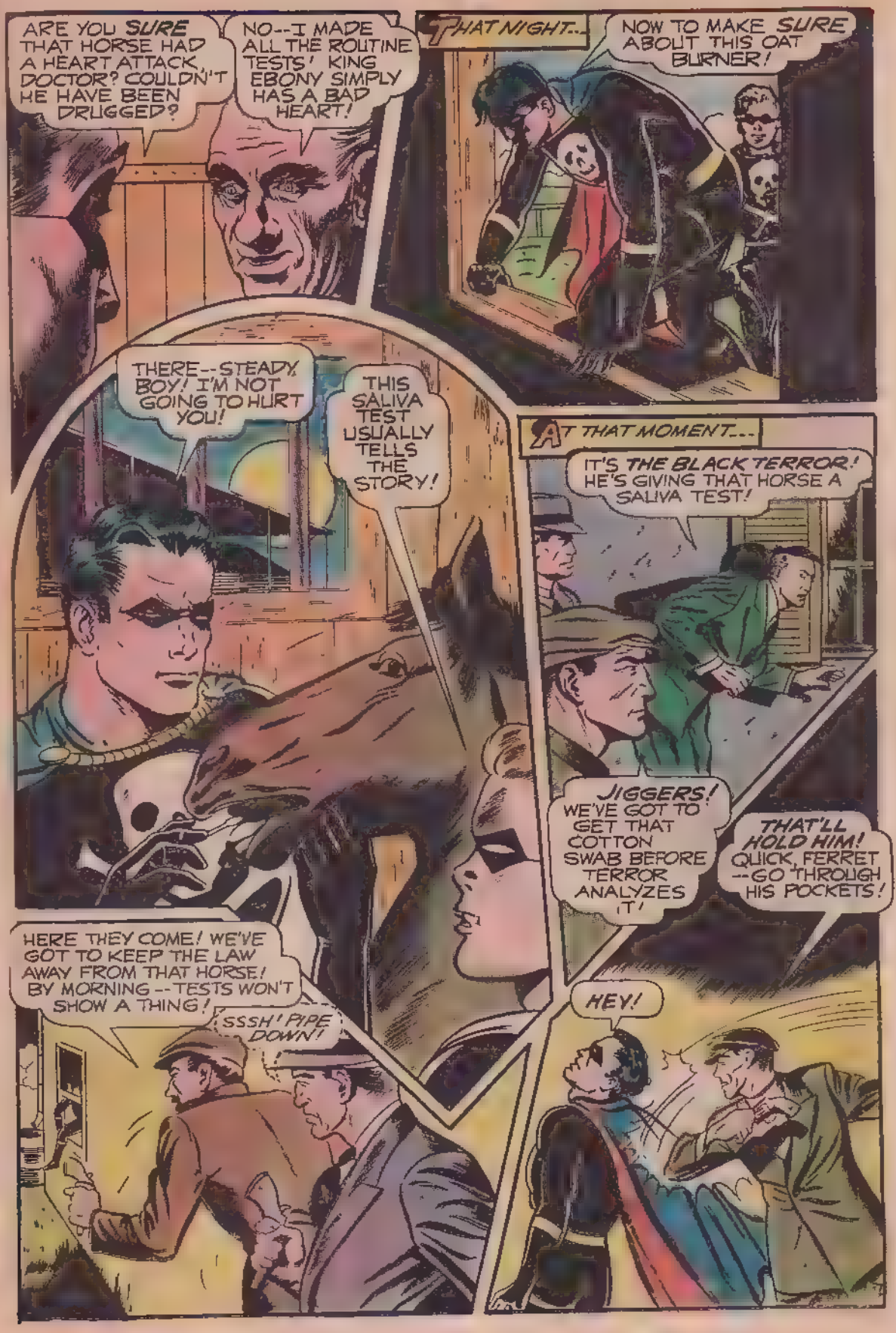
Sheriff Mullens patted the boy on the back. He would make a good blacksmith and a splendid citizen!

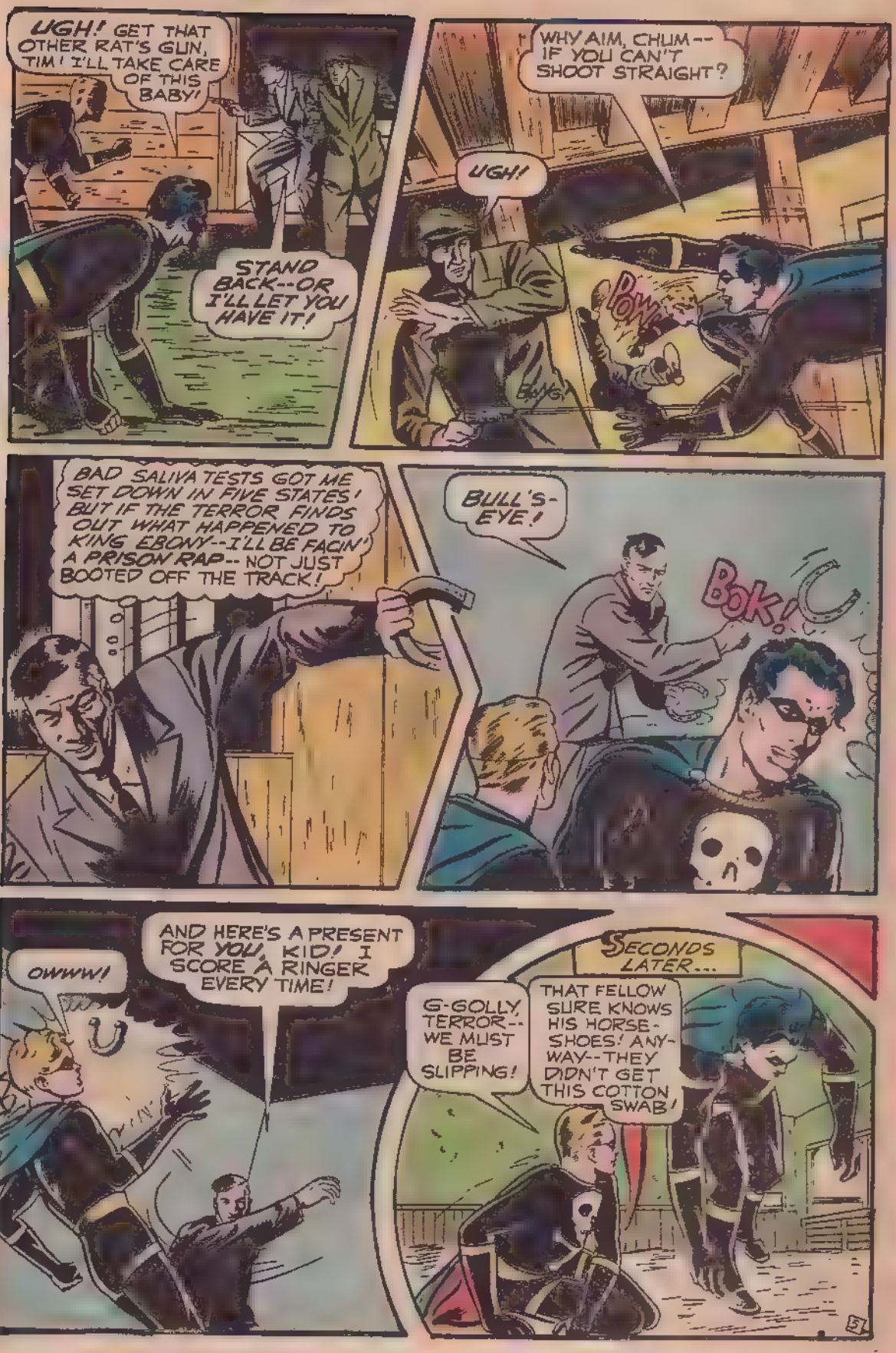
Rusty Gilmore Takes the Trail of Bank Bandits!

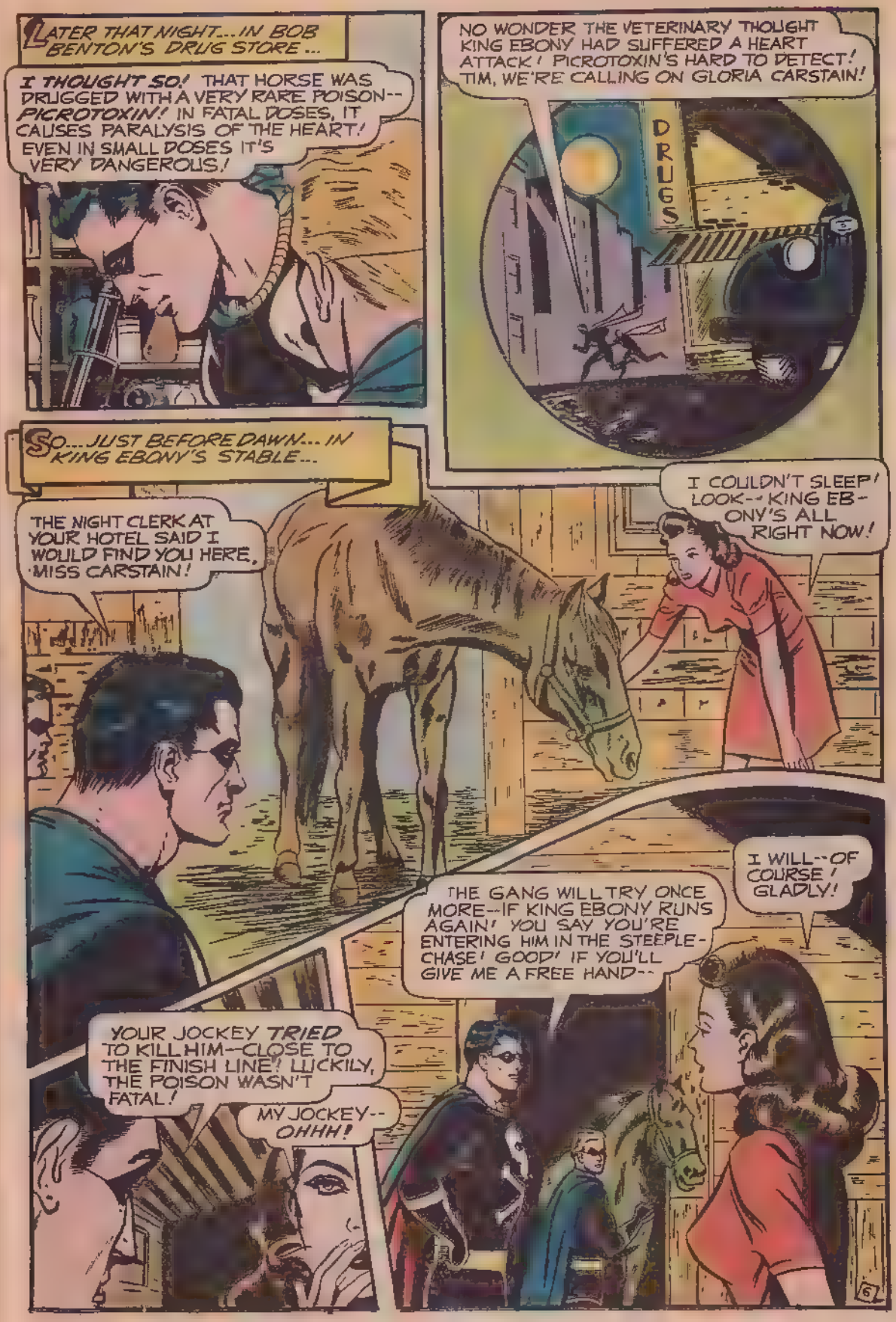
The BLACK
BONG!
CC-1150

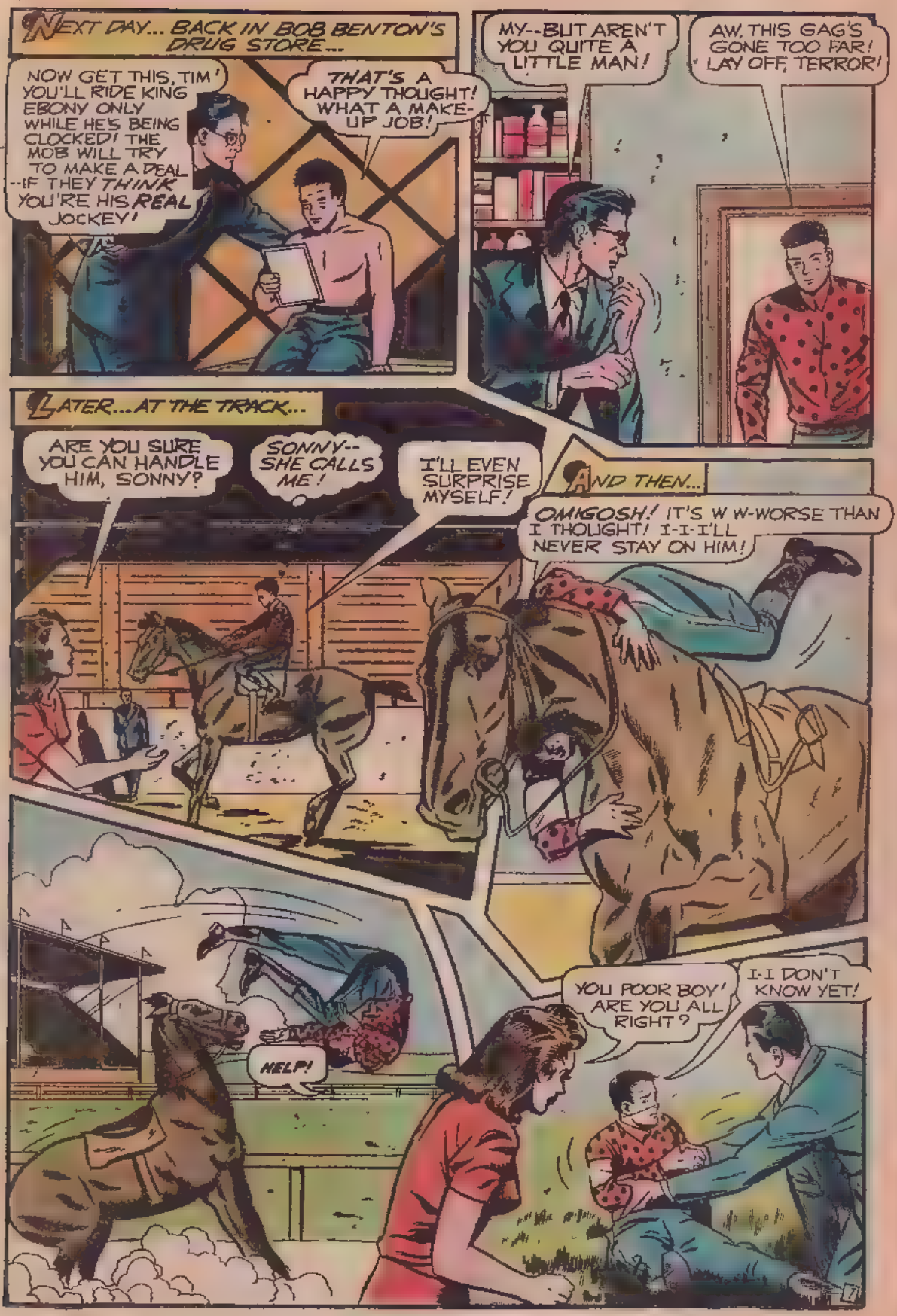

TERROR
Hold on to your hats, folks! Here they come down the stretch! We'll know the winner in a moment! Or.... will we? Not unless Bob Benton and his young friend Tim...alias the Terror Twins... survive every hurdle in this grueling STEEPLECHASE of CRIME!
AT THE NORTHSHORE DERBY...
WOW! KING EBONY'S LEADING BY TWENTY YARDS! HE'LL WIN THE DERBY TWO SEASONS RUNNING, BOB!
HE'S A GREAT COLT, TIM! HE COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF CHAMPIONS!
SUDDENLY...
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S CRASHING TO THE TURF!
21

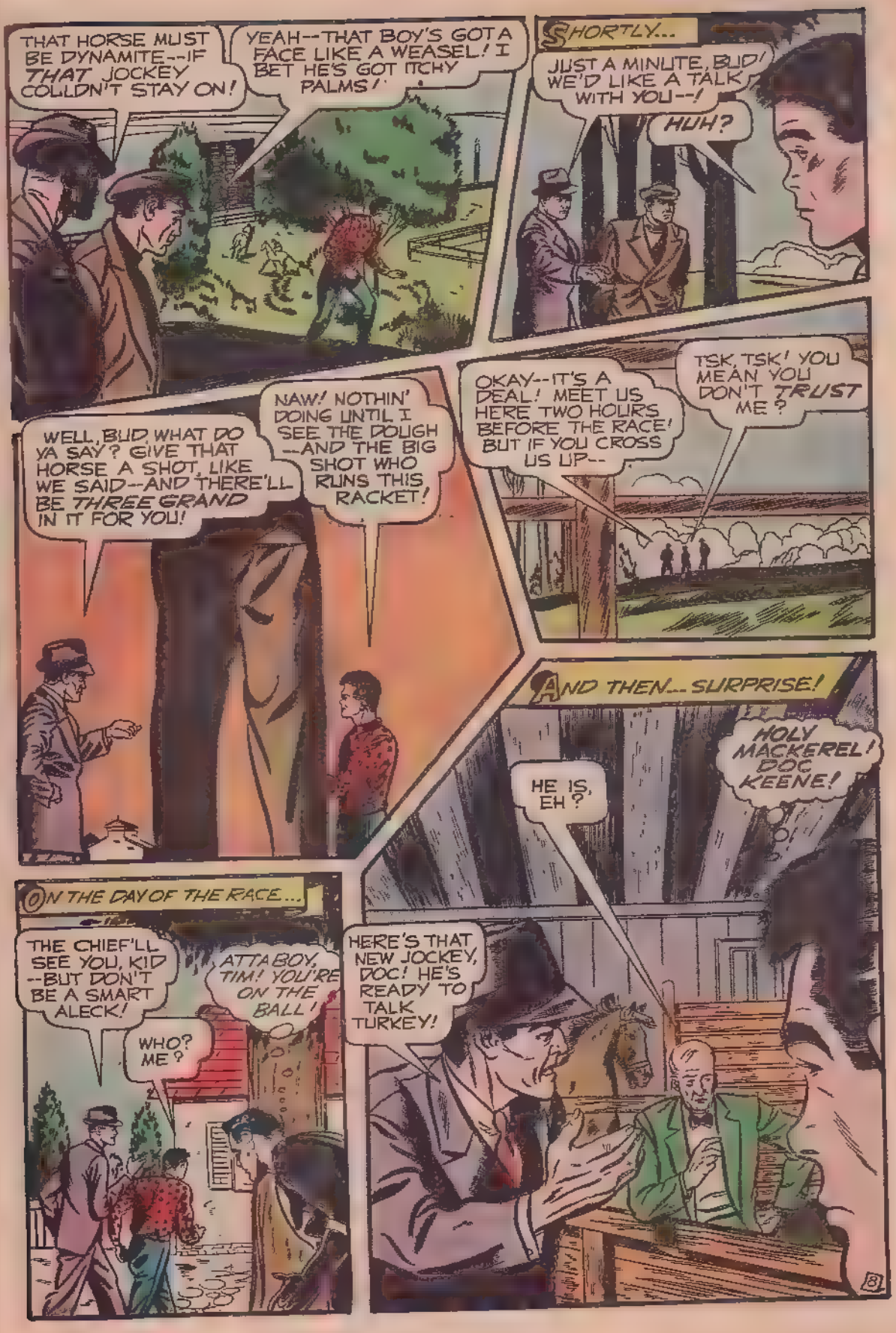

UGH! THAT WAS CLOSE!
COME ON, TIM! I'M SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THAT ACCIDENT! KING EBONY BELONGS TO GLORIA CARSTAIN! HER FATHER, COLONEL CARSTAIN, DIED A MONTH AGO! THE OLD GENTLEMAN WAS BROKE--SO THEY SAY!
A DYNAMIC TRANSFORMATION!
SHORTLY...
THAT HORSE WILL BE EXAMINED IMMEDIATELY! THE PUBLIC WILL BE BARRED! BUT I'VE A HUNCH THE JUDGES WILL STRETCH A POINT FOR -- THE BLACK TERROR!
THE TERROR TWINS, YOU MEAN!
KING EBONY WILL NEVER RACE AGAIN, MISS CARSTAIN! HIS HEART JUST CAN'T STAND THE GAFF!
IT'S A TERRIBLE BLOW, DR. KEENE!
LOOK, MISS CARSTAIN! I COULD BE RUN OFF THE TRACK FOR RIDIN' A SICK HORSE! -- BESIDES--YOU'RE BROKE AND CAN'T PAY ME! SO I'M QUITTIN' RIGHT NOW!
VERY WELL! GET OUT!
I KNEW YOUR FATHER QUITE WELL! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO-- TO HELP?
I--I'M AFRAID NOT! YOU SEE--I WAS COUNTING ON KING EBONY TO WIN! NOW I'LL HAVE TO SELL OUT!


ARE YOU SURE THAT HORSE HAD A HEART ATTACK, DOCTOR? COULDN'T HE HAVE BEEN DRUGGED?
NO--I MADE ALL THE ROUTINE TESTS! KING EBONY SIMPLY HAS A BAD HEART!
THAT NIGHT...
NOW TO MAKE SURE ABOUT THIS OAT BURNER!
THERE--STEADY, BOY! I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!
THIS SALIVA TEST USUALLY TELLS THE STORY!
AT THAT MOMENT...
IT'S THE BLACK TERROR! HE'S GIVING THAT HORSE A SALIVA TEST!
JIGGERS! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT COTTON SWAB BEFORE TERROR ANALYZES IT!
THAT'LL HOLD HIM! QUICK, FERRET --GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS!
HEY!
HERE THEY COME! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THE LAW AWAY FROM THAT HORSE! BY MORNING--TESTS WON'T SHOW A THING!
SSSH! PIPE DOWN!

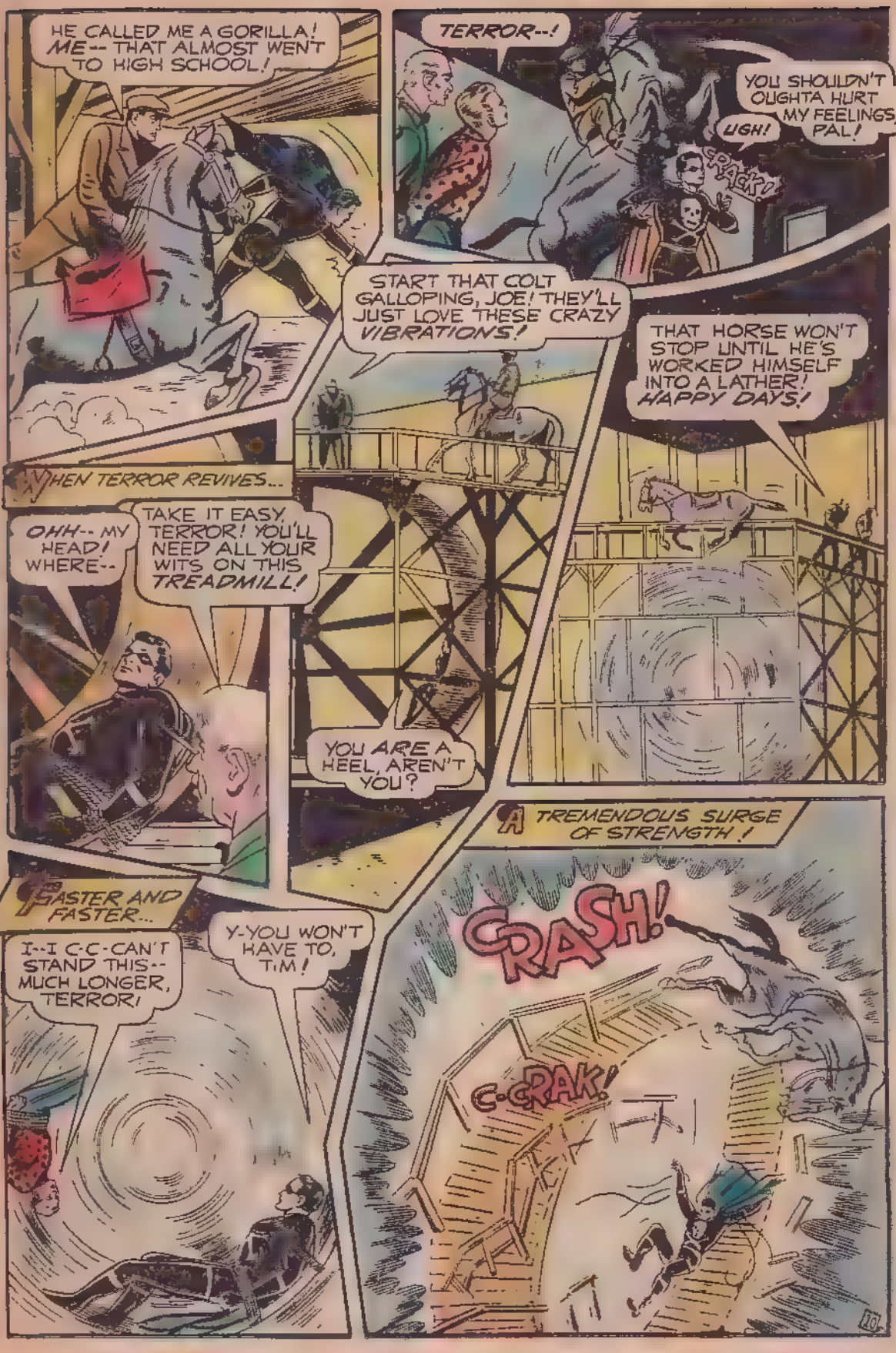

UGH! GET THAT OTHER RAT'S GUN, TIM! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BABY!
STAND BACK--OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
WHY AIM, CHUM--IF YOU CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT?
UGH!
POW!
BANG!
BAD SALIVA TESTS GOT ME SET DOWN IN FIVE STATES! BUT IF THE TERROR FINDS OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO KING EBONY--I'LL BE FACIN' A PRISON RAP-- NOT JUST BOOTED OFF THE TRACK!
BULL'S-EYE!
BOK!
OWWW!
AND HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, KID! I SCORE A RINGER EVERY TIME!
SECONDS LATER...
G-GOLLY, TERROR--WE MUST BE SLIPPING!
THAT FELLOW SURE KNOWS HIS HORSE-SHOES! ANY-WAY--THEY DIDN'T GET THIS COTTON SWAB!
5

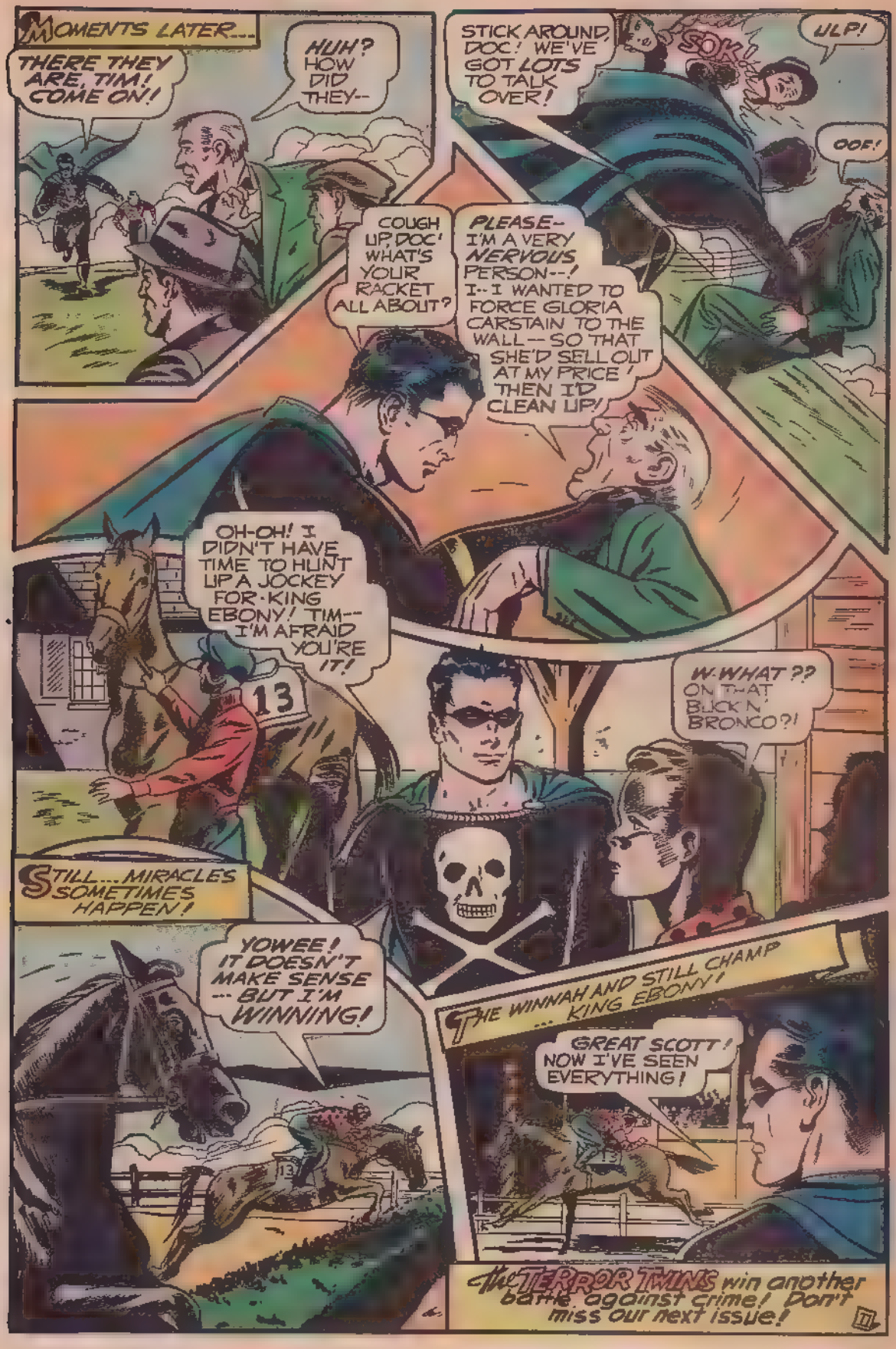

LATER THAT NIGHT... IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...
I THOUGHT SO! THAT HORSE WAS DRUGGED WITH A VERY RARE POISON-- PICROTOXIN! IN FATAL DOSES, IT CAUSES PARALYSIS OF THE HEART! EVEN IN SMALL DOSES IT'S VERY DANGEROUS!
NO WONDER THE VETERINARY THOUGHT KING EBONY HAD SUFFERED A HEART ATTACK! PICROTOXIN'S HARD TO DETECT! TIM, WE'RE CALLING ON GLORIA CARSTAIN!
DRUGS
SO... JUST BEFORE DAWN... IN KING EBONY'S STABLE...
THE NIGHT CLERK AT YOUR HOTEL SAID I WOULD FIND YOU HERE, MISS CARSTAIN!
I COULDN'T SLEEP! LOOK-- KING EBONY'S ALL RIGHT NOW!
THE GANG WILL TRY ONCE MORE--IF KING EBONY RUNS AGAIN! YOU SAY YOU'RE ENTERING HIM IN THE STEEPLE-CHASE! GOOD! IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A FREE HAND--
I WILL--OF COURSE! GLADLY!
YOUR JOCKEY TRIED TO KILL HIM--CLOSE TO THE FINISH LINE! LUCKILY, THE POISON WASN'T FATAL!
MY JOCKEY-- OHHH!


NEXT DAY... BACK IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...
NOW GET THIS, TIM! YOU'LL RIDE KING EBONY ONLY WHILE HE'S BEING CLOCKED! THE MOB WILL TRY TO MAKE A DEAL --IF THEY THINK YOU'RE HIS REAL JOCKEY!
THAT'S A HAPPY THOUGHT! WHAT A MAKE-UP JOB!
MY--BUT AREN'T YOU QUITE A LITTLE MAN!
AW, THIS GAG'S GONE TOO FAR! LAY OFF, TERROR!
LATER...AT THE TRACK...
ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE HIM, SONNY?
SONNY--SHE CALLS ME!
I'LL EVEN SURPRISE MYSELF!
AND THEN...
OMIGOSH! IT'S W W-WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! I-I-I'LL NEVER STAY ON HIM!
HELP!
YOU POOR BOY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I-I DON'T KNOW YET!


THAT HORSE MUST BE DYNAMITE--IF THAT JOCKEY COULDN'T STAY ON!
YEAH--THAT BOY'S GOT A FACE LIKE A WEASEL! I BET HE'S GOT ITCHY PALMS!
SHORTLY...
JUST A MINUTE, BUD! WE'D LIKE A TALK WITH YOU--!
HUH?
TSK, TSK! YOU MEAN YOU DON'T TRUST ME?
OKAY--IT'S A DEAL! MEET US HERE TWO HOURS BEFORE THE RACE! BUT IF YOU CROSS US UP--
NAW! NOTHIN' DOING UNTIL I SEE THE DOUGH --AND THE BIG SHOT WHO RUNS THIS RACKET!
WELL, BUD WHAT DO YA SAY? GIVE THAT HORSE A SHOT, LIKE WE SAID--AND THERE'LL BE THREE GRAND IN IT FOR YOU!
AND THEN... SURPRISE!
HOLY MACKEREL! DOC KEENE!
HE IS, EH?
HERE'S THAT NEW JOCKEY, DOC! HE'S READY TO TALK TURKEY!
ON THE DAY OF THE RACE...
THE CHIEF'LL SEE YOU, KID --BUT DON'T BE A SMART ALECK!
ATTA BOY, TIM! YOU'RE ON THE BALL!
WHO? ME?
8

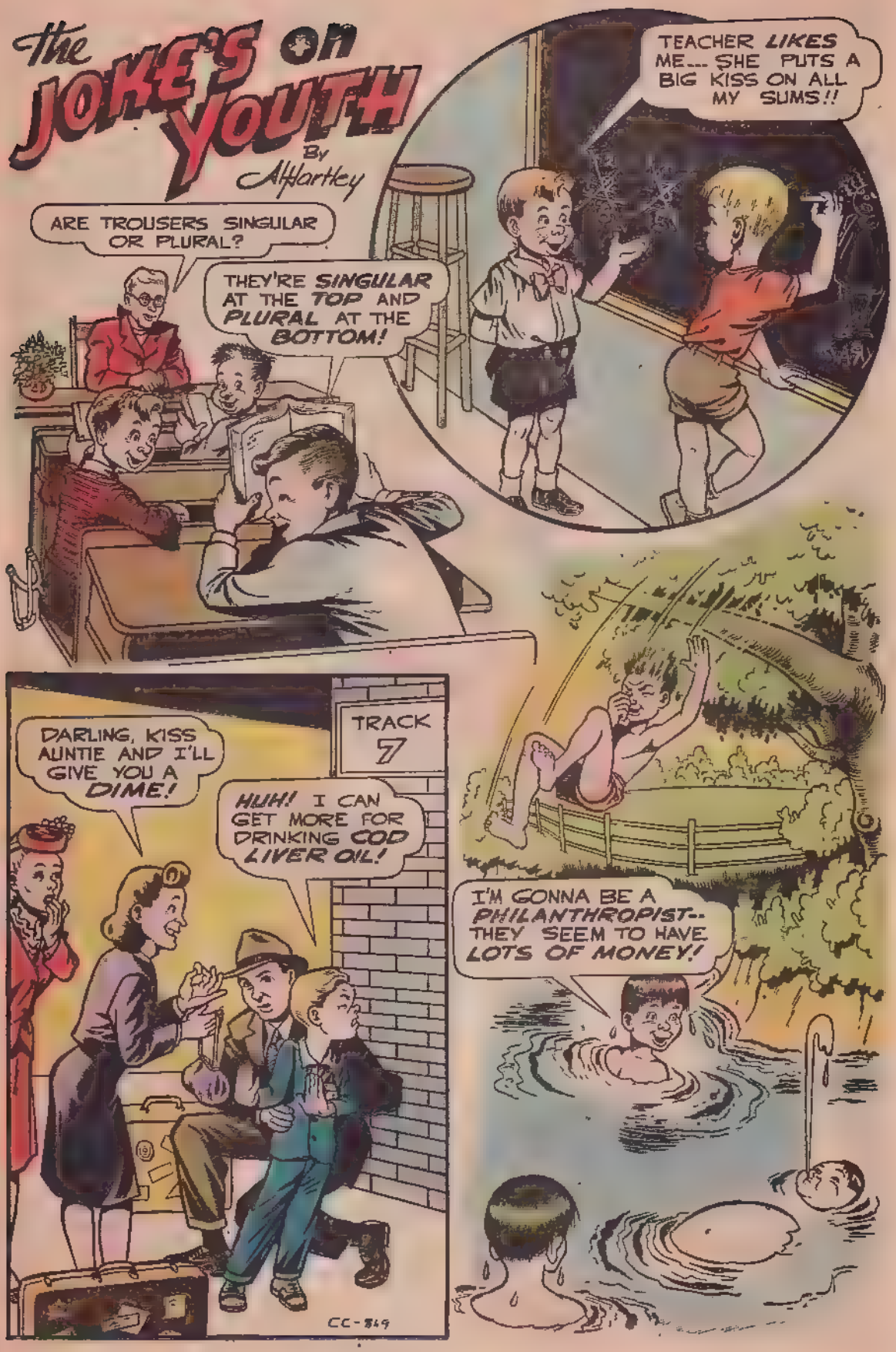
DOC KEENE SPILLS THE BEANS!
THIS TIME I WANT ENOUGH POISON IN THAT COLT TO KILL A REGIMENT! I'LL MAKE A ROUTINE TEST--- AND THE VERDICT WILL BE HEART FAILURE!
NO FOOL WILL QUESTION MY REPORT---! WHA--? I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE!
I THOUGHT SO! YOU WERE WITH THE BLACK TERROR WHEN I EXAMINED KING EBONY!
CALM YOURSELF, DOC! IT'S BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH!
NEXT INSTANT...
HUH? THE BLACK TERROR!
HOPE I'M NOT LATE FOR A DATE!
I PLAY FOR KEEPS, PAL!
IN THAT EVENT-- YOU WON'T LAST LONG!
TSK, TSK! YOUR GORILLA PAL TEACH YOU TO SHOOT?
POW!
OOF!


HE CALLED ME A GORILLA! ME-- THAT ALMOST WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL!
TERROR--!
YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTA HURT MY FEELINGS, PAL!
UGH!
CRACK!
START THAT COLT GALLOPING, JOE! THEY'LL JUST LOVE THESE CRAZY VIBRATIONS!
THAT HORSE WON'T STOP UNTIL HE'S WORKED HIMSELF INTO A LATHER! HAPPY DAYS!
WHEN TERROR REVIVES...
OHH-- MY HEAD! WHERE--
TAKE IT EASY, TERROR! YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR WITS ON THIS TREADMILL!
YOU ARE A HEEL, AREN'T YOU?
A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF STRENGTH!
CRASH!
C-CRAK!
FASTER AND FASTER...
I--I C-C-CAN'T STAND THIS-- MUCH LONGER, TERROR!
Y-YOU WON'T HAVE TO, TIM!


MOMENTS LATER...
THERE THEY ARE, TIM! COME ON!
HUH? HOW DID THEY--
STICK AROUND, DOC! WE'VE GOT LOTS TO TALK OVER!
SOK!
ULP!
OOF!
COUGH UP, DOC! WHAT'S YOUR RACKET ALL ABOUT?
PLEASE-- I'M A VERY NERVOUS PERSON--! I--I WANTED TO FORCE GLORIA CARSTAIN TO THE WALL-- SO THAT SHE'D SELL OUT AT MY PRICE! THEN I'D CLEAN UP!
OH-OH! I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO HUNT UP A JOCKEY FOR KING EBONY! TIM-- I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IT!
13
W-WHAT ?? ON THAT BUCK'N BRONCO?!
STILL... MIRACLES SOMETIMES HAPPEN!
YOWEE! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE --- BUT I'M WINNING!
THE WINNAH AND STILL CHAMP ... KING EBONY!
GREAT SCOTT! NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
The TERROR TWINS win another battle against crime! Don't miss our next issue!

The JOKE'S on YOUTH

By Al Hartley


ARE TROUSERS SINGULAR OR PLURAL?
THEY'RE SINGULAR AT THE TOP AND PLURAL AT THE BOTTOM!
TEACHER LIKES ME.... SHE PUTS A BIG KISS ON ALL MY SUMS!!
TRACK 7
DARLING, KISS AUNTIE AND I'LL GIVE YOU A DIME!
HUH! I CAN GET MORE FOR DRINKING COD LIVER OIL!
I'M GONNA BE A PHILANTHROPIST-- THEY SEEM TO HAVE LOTS OF MONEY!
CC-849

STAMP COLLECTOR

By CHARLES S. STRONG

RALPH CONROY was an ardent young stamp collector, whose father had been one of the best known philatelists in the country. Now that Dad was dead, however, young Ralph and his mother were having a difficult time making both ends meet.

"Your father had many valuable stamps," Mrs. Conroy told Ralph one evening as they sat in the front room of their small suburban home "If only I knew someone who would catalogue them, we might be able to sell enough of them to meet our expenses. I know your father wanted you to have the stamps, but I'm sure he'd be glad if the sale of some of them would make it possible for you to get a high school and college education."

Ralph was much older in wisdom than his fifteen years indicated, and he came over to his mother and patted her confidently upon the shoulder

"I'm sure we'll make out all right," he assured her "Father had a many good duplicates, and I can pick them out without spoiling his main collection He had a lot of friends in the various stamp clubs and auction houses, and they'll be glad to help us out, and it won't be charity either"

"Maybe you're right," Mrs. Conroy declared "But I certainly hope we can find a dealer who is much more pleasant than Mr. Groves. I'll never forget the night he came here. It was one of the few nights when your father lost his temper"

"I was thinking about Mr Timmins," Ralph said slowly "He liked to do business with father. I think I'll call him now."

Mrs. Conroy nodded pleasantly, then went back to her knitting. Now and then she looked at the photo of George Conroy on the piano top.

Ralph Conroy telephoned Mr. Timmins. Then he got busy with his stamp tweezers, his little black tray of benzine for bringing up water marks, the pieces of blotting paper

that would take the stamps when they had been dipped in the benzine, and other accessories of the enthusiastic collector.

THE quiet was disturbed by the sudden ringing of the doorbell Ralph jumped up and said:

"Maybe it's Mr. Timmins. He said he might pass this way"

The boy opened the door, and immediately his happy expression changed. The visitor was not Mr Timmins, but Mr Groves.

"Good evening, Ralph," the auctioneer said pleasantly. "Is your mother at home? I have some business to discuss with her."

"If it's about the stamp collection, I'm afraid you're wasting your time, Mr. Groves," the boy said a bit abruptly. "We're going to let Mr Timmins appraise it, and if he wants to make us an offer we'll consider it."

A curious expression crossed Mr. Groves' face, and he was about to say something when Mrs. Conroy spoke up:

"Invite Mr Groves in, son. We can explain matters to him, I'm sure. After all, he was a friend of your father."

Ralph Conroy stepped aside, and the smiling Mr. Groves entered the room and found a chair for himself. Mrs. Conroy then explained her feelings about the stamp collection, and concluded:

"I only want to sell those parts of the collection that are necessary to keep us going. The stamp collection will be source of great pride and pleasure to Ralph It was his father's fondest hope that he would carry it on"

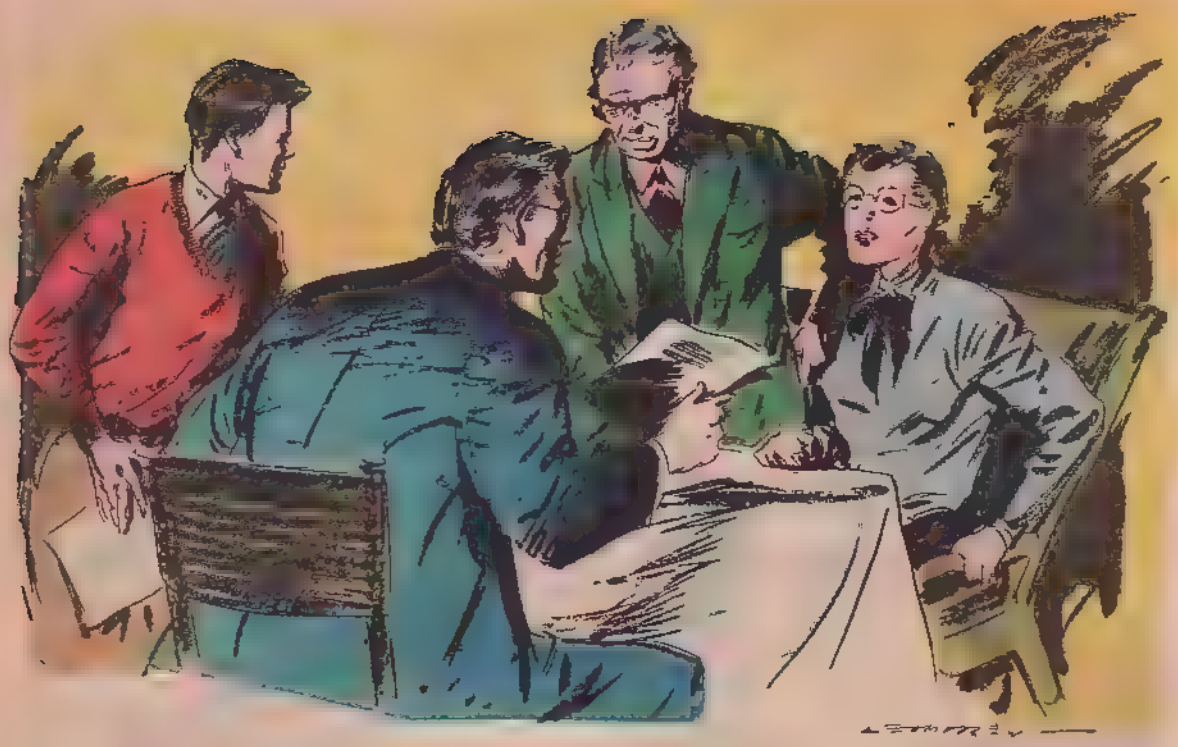
Mr Groves cleared his throat and looked from the boy to his mother as he said:

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Mrs Conroy That's why I've come here tonight. I wanted to explain matters." He took out a paper bound in a blue cover and offered it to the woman "Mr. Conroy's stamp collection was put up as collateral for a loan. I have a chattel mortgage on it. The amount is ten thousand dollars. Can you pay it?"

Both Ralph and his mother were amazed. Mrs. Conroy took the legal paper but it dropped from her nervous fingers. Ralph picked it up and began reading it.

The signature at the bot-

Young Ralph Conroy Proves His Cleverness When



tom of the paper looked like Mr. Conroy's, all right. The boy laid the paper on the table and said:

"We have nothing like ten thousand dollars. But what did father do with all that money?"

Mr. Groves shrugged his shoulders

"That's not my business. He asked me to lend him the money. I considered his collection as good collateral, and I supplied the funds for him. What happened after that is something I don't know anything about."

Tears came into the eyes of Ralph's mother as she saw all of her plans for the future swept away. Mr. Groves was silent. Just then, there was another peal of the doorbell.

RALPH went to open the door. This time the visitor was Mr. Timmins, and he was rather surprised to see Mr. Groves there. Mrs. Conroy greeted him and then said:

"I'm afraid we've brought you over on a wild goose chase, Mr. Timmins. Ralph wanted you to buy some of his father's stamps, but Mr. Groves has come here with a mortgage on the collection and we can't pay it."

"A mortgage?" Mr. Timmins said in some surprise. "When did Conroy give you that?"

"Back in 1938," Groves replied. "I haven't been pressing him."

Ralph Conroy's eyes sparkled. Then he turned to his father's books and selected one. He opened it to a page on which a number of watermarks were shown. Then he looked at the legal document. He smiled as he turned to Mr. Timmins and said:

"Will you come over here and look at this book, please?"

Mr. Timmins took the book, glanced at its title, "Paper and Water-Marks," then asked:

"What does this mean?"

"According to this book, it means that the bond paper with the double anchor and the coiled rope watermark wasn't made until 1945. But if you'll look at the mortgage Mr. Groves brought here, and which I dipped in benzine, you'll see it has the same watermark! Yet he claims the mortgage was drawn in 1938."

Mr. Groves stiffened at this statement. Mrs. Conroy jumped to her feet, to examine the legal document, which clearly showed the 1945 watermark.

"This is a downright crooked stunt to play on a poor widow and her son," Mr. Timmins declared emphatically. "But it looks as though Ralph was too smart for you! You may be sure I'll report this! Now, I'd get out of here if I were you, Groves!"

Mr. Groves took the advice. When he left, Mrs. Conroy and Mr. Timmins congratulated Ralph on the clever way in which he had exposed the fraud and assured his own future.

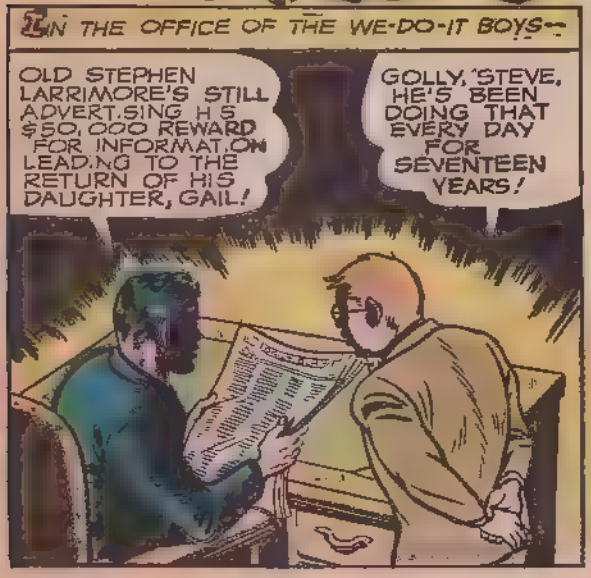
a Guilty Schemer Attempts to Perpetrate a Fraud!

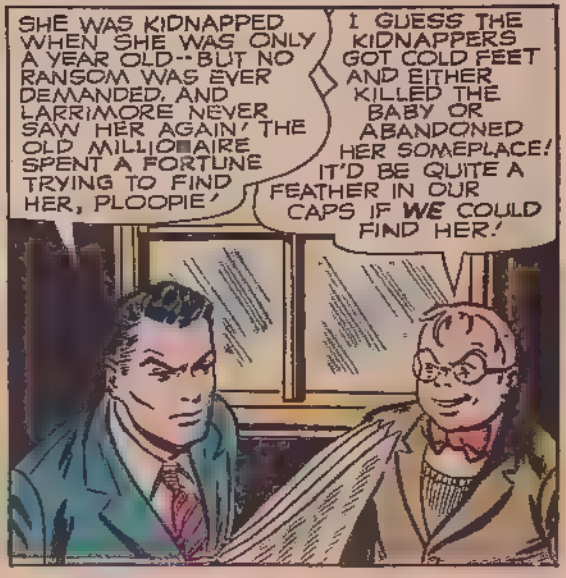
ZIPPIE

By Al Hartley

The CRIME Crushers

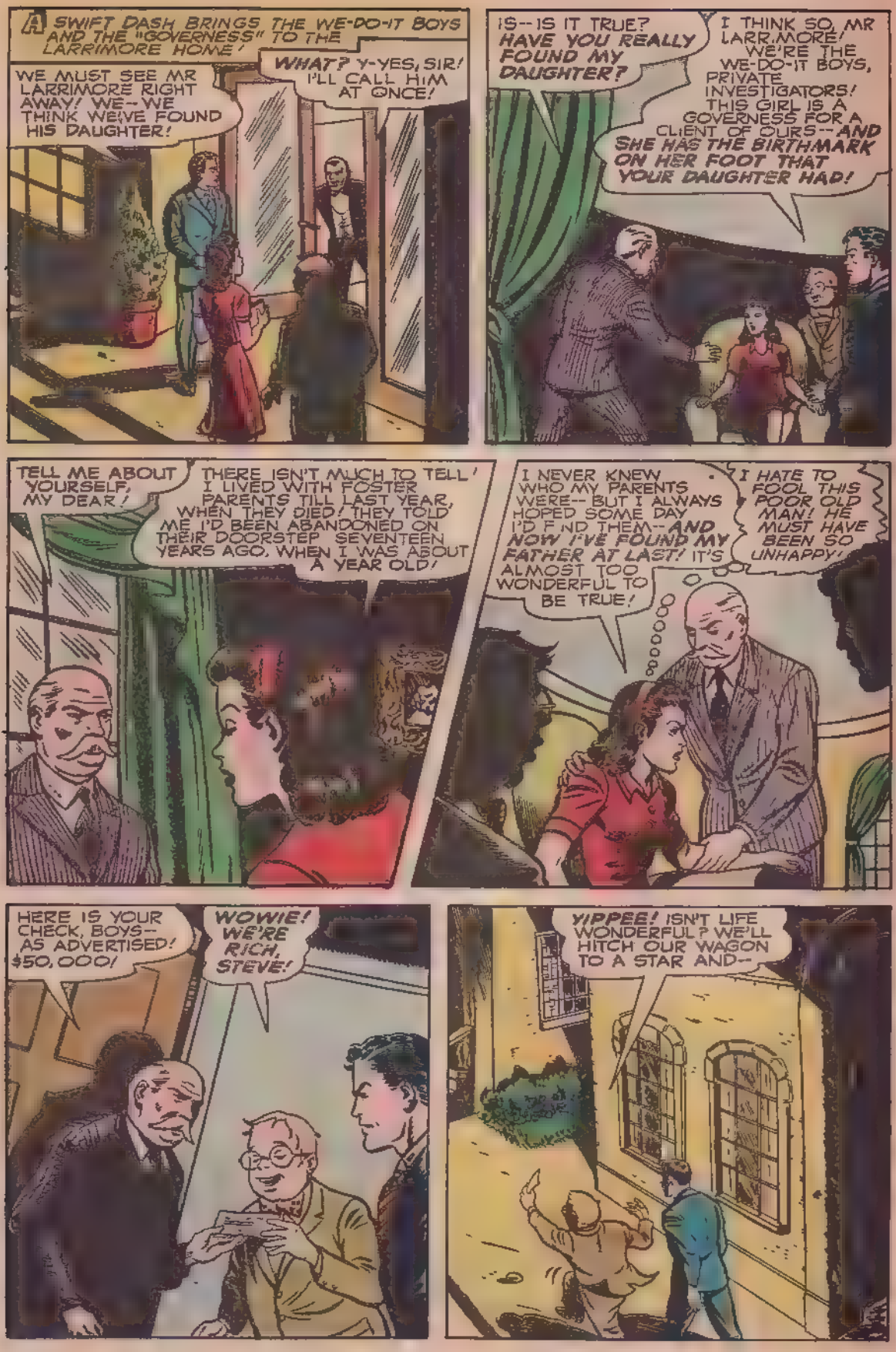
CC-599

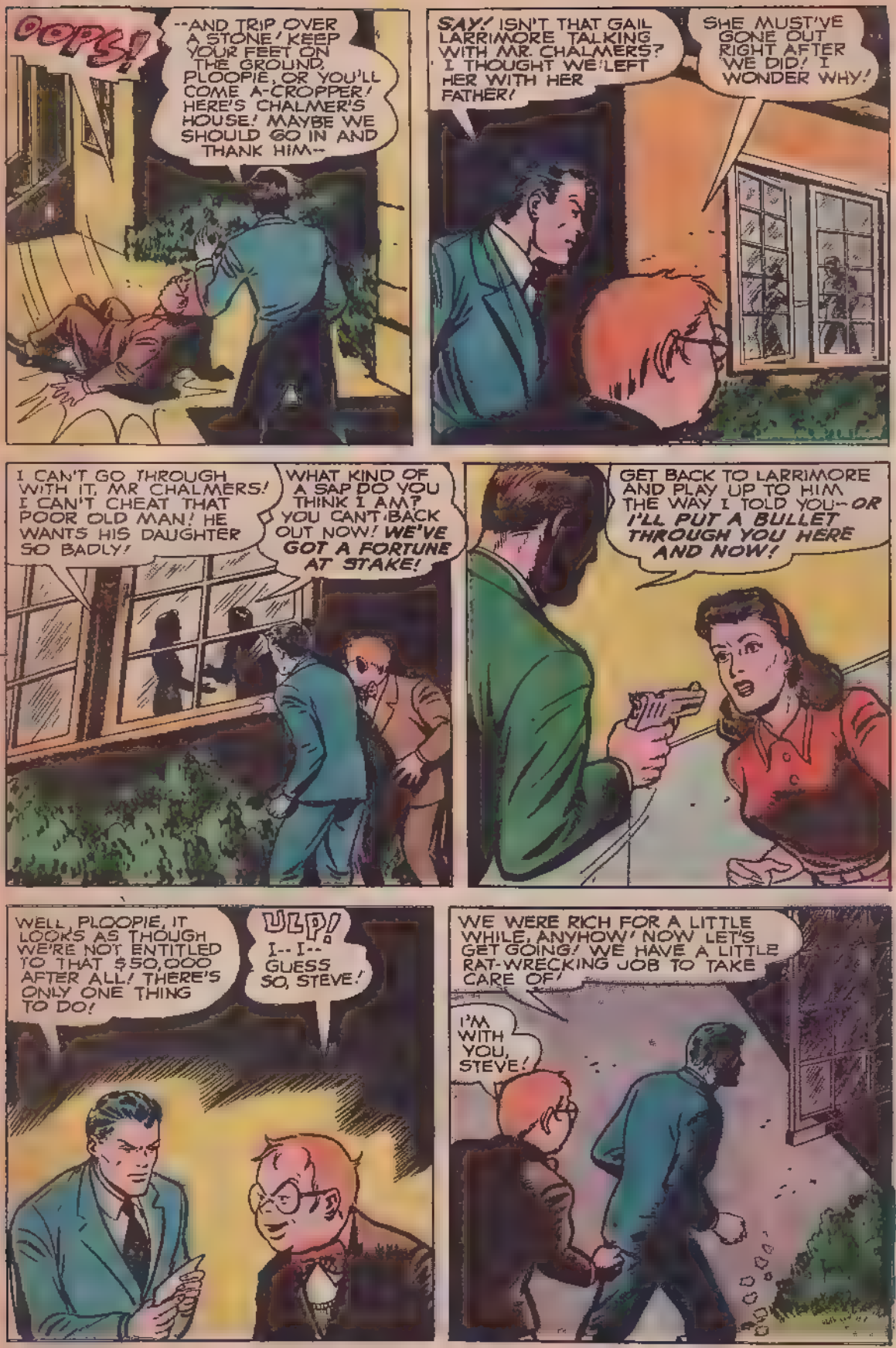

IN THE OFFICE OF THE WE-DO-IT BOYS--
OLD STEPHEN LARRIMORE'S STILL ADVERT.SING H S $50,000 REWARD FOR INFORMAT.ON LEAD.NG TO THE RETURN OF HIS DAUGHTER, GAIL!
GOLLY, STEVE, HE'S BEEN DOING THAT EVERY DAY FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS!


SHE WAS KIDNAPPED WHEN SHE WAS ONLY A YEAR OLD--BUT NO RANSOM WAS EVER DEMANDED, AND LARRIMORE NEVER SAW HER AGAIN! THE OLD MILLIONAIRE SPENT A FORTUNE TRYING TO FIND HER, PLOOPIE!
I GUESS THE KIDNAPPERS GOT COLD FEET AND EITHER KILLED THE BABY OR ABANDONED HER SOMEPLACE! IT'D BE QUITE A FEATHER IN OUR CAPS IF WE COULD FIND HER!

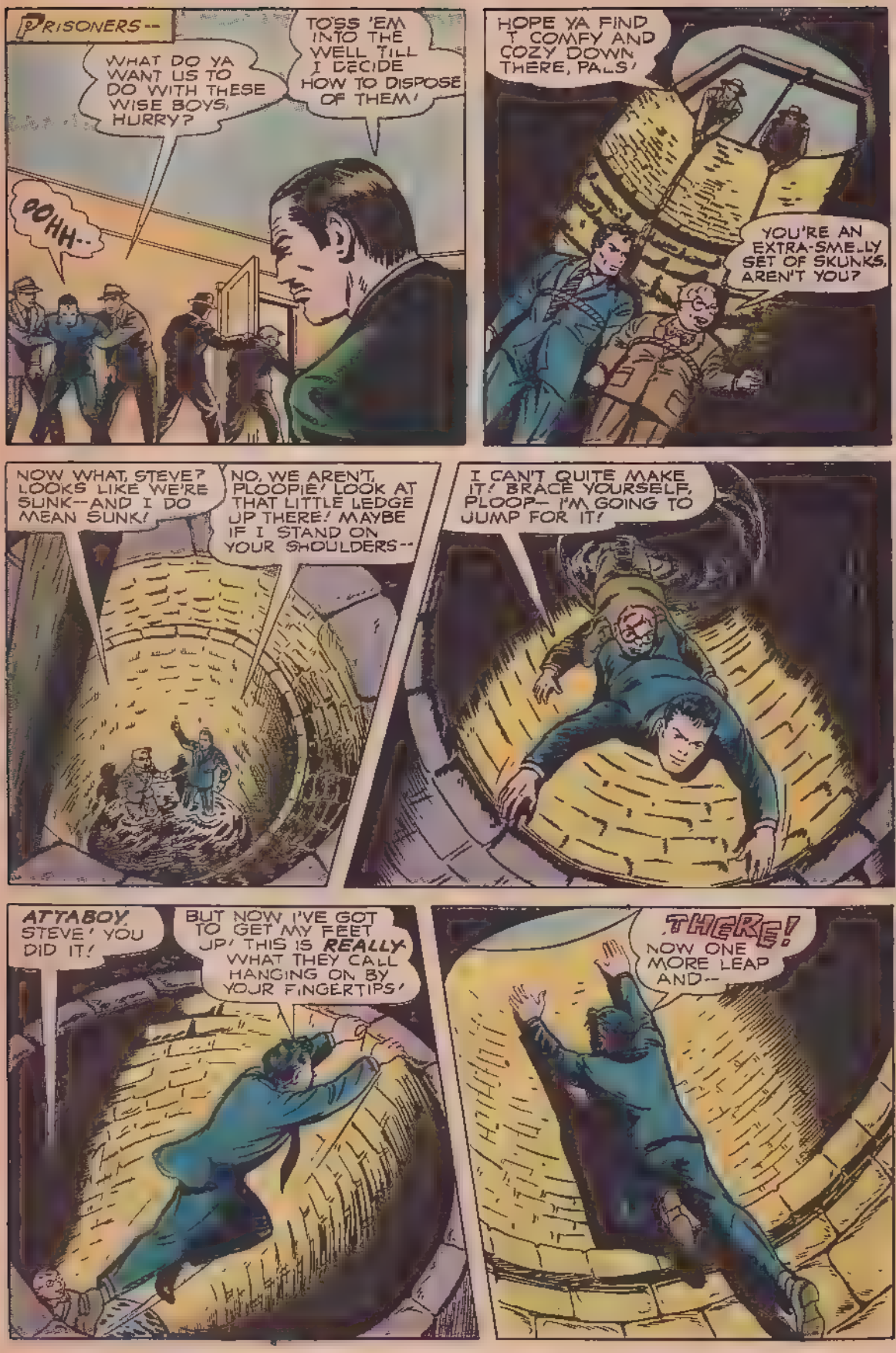
AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY--
WELL BOYS, WE GOT THE DOPE! WE'RE GOING TO PULL A JOB THAT'LL MAKE EVERY OTHER SWINDLE WE EVER TRIED LOOK LIKE ROBBING A BABY'S TOY BANK! WHEN I PLANTED BOBO HERE AS A BUTLER IN OLD MAN LARRIMORE'S HOME--
--I THOUGHT HE MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING TO HELP US-- AND HE DID! HE FOUND AN OLD DIARY THAT SAID LARRIMORE'S DAUGHTER WAS BORN WITH A TRIANGULAR BIRTHMARK ON HER LEFT FOOT!
"HURRY" CHALMERS, YER A GENIUS! LARRIMORE'LL BE SOFT PICKIN'S NOW!
WE'LL RING IN A PHONEY DAUGHTER AND MILK THE OLD MAN FOR YEARS TO COME!
EXACTLY, MY FRIENDS--AND I'VE ALREADY CHOSEN THE GIRL!
I PICKED HER UP DOWNTOWN-- SHE WAS PRETTY CLOSE TO STARVING, AND WILLING TO DO NEARLY ANYTHING! --AH, COME IN, MY DEAR!
SHOW 'EM YOUR LEFT FOOT! I HAD THAT MARK TATTOOED ON, SO NOBODY CAN WASH IT OFF AND PROVE HER A FRAUD!
WHAT'RE YA GONNA DO, HURRY-- BRING HER IN TO LARRIMORE YERSELF?
DON'T BE DUMB! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE HER DISCOVERY APPEAR ACCIDENTAL, OR ELSE IT WON'T BE CONVINCING! AND I KNOW HOW TO WORK THAT, TOO!

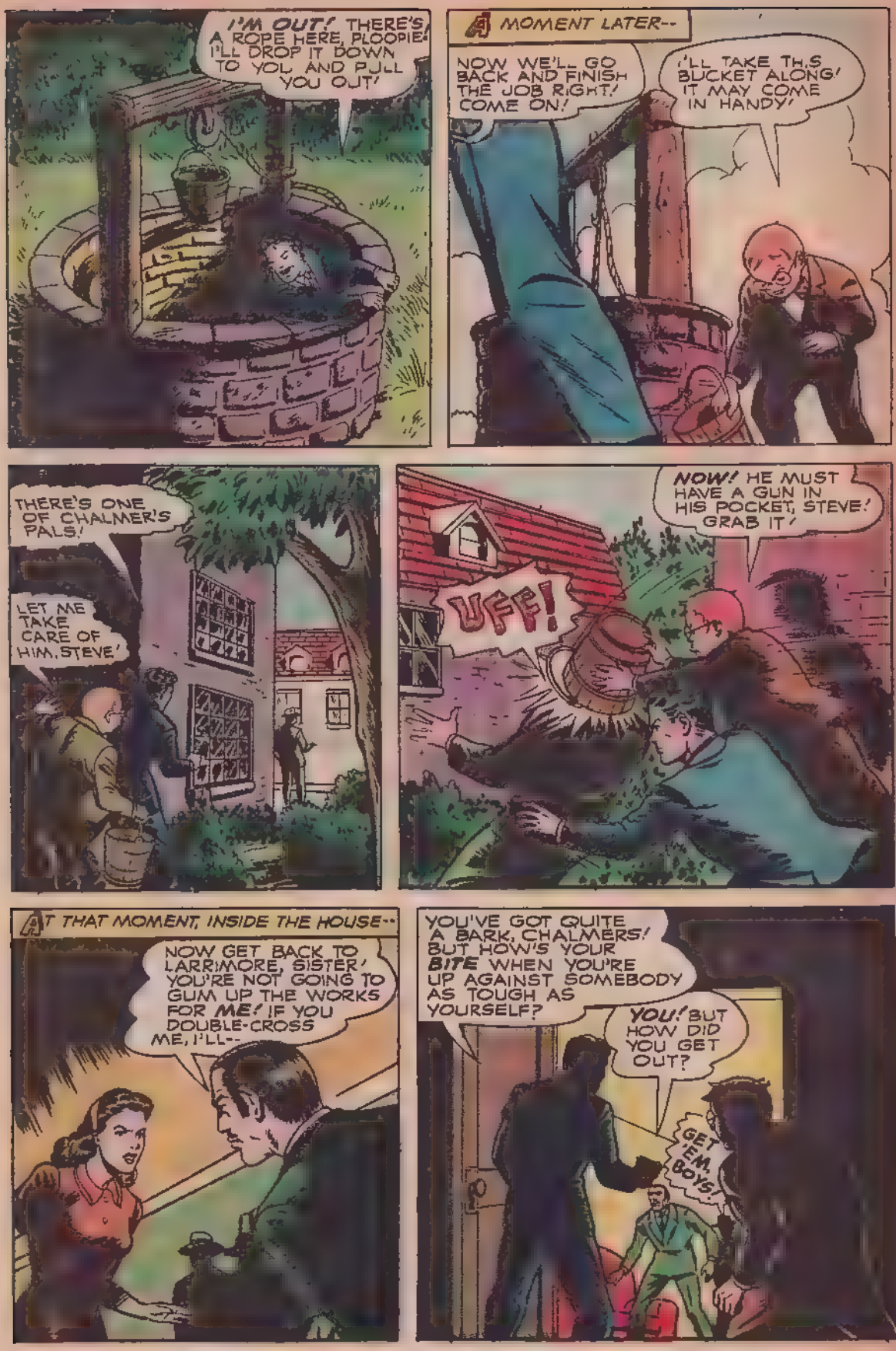
NEXT DAY--
YOU TWO HAVE BEEN RECOMMENDED TO ME AS EXPERT CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATORS--AND THAT'S WHAT I NEED!
WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, MR. CHALMERS?
I RECENTLY HIRED A GOVERNESS TO TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE BOY--AND TWO DAYS AFTER SHE CAME, MONEY AND VALUABLES BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR! NATURALLY, I DON'T LIKE TO ACCUSE THE GIRL UNLESS I'M SURE, BUT--
YOU'D LIKE US TO FIND OUT WHETHER SHE IS GUILTY OR NOT! WE'LL GET TO WORK AT ONCE, MR. CHALMERS!
MOMENTS LATER--
HERE'S MY HOUSE! THE ONLY CLUE I CAN GIVE YOU, GENTLEMEN, IS THAT I ONCE SAW THE GIRL SLIP SOMETHING INTO HER SHOE!
THEN IF WE CAN GET HER TO TAKE OFF HER SHOES, WE MAY CATCH HER WITH SOMETHING! IT'S WORTH TRYIN', ANYWAY!
THESE GENTLEMEN ARE DETECTIVES--THEY WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!
IT'S JUST A FORMALITY, MISS! SOME GIRL FROM THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WAS INVOLVED IN A ROBBERY YESTERDAY AND WAS SHOT IN THE FOOT! WE HAVE ORDERS TO EXAMINE THE FEET OF EVERY GIRL IN THE SECTION!
CERTAINLY, GENTLEMEN! AS YOU SEE, THERE ARE NO BULLET WOUNDS ON MY FEET! NOTHING BUT A TRIANGULAR BIRTHMARK!
IT'S WORKING! HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO MY ACT!
DID YOU SAY A TRIANGULAR BIRTHMARK? WHY, THAT'S AMAZING! YOU MEN HAVE MADE A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY! ONLY TODAY, I HEARD THAT THE MISSING LARRIMORE HEIRESS HAD JUST SUCH A BIRTHMARK!


A SWIFT DASH BRINGS THE WE-DO-IT BOYS AND THE "GOVERNESS" TO THE LARRIMORE HOME!
WE MUST SEE MR LARRIMORE RIGHT AWAY! WE--WE THINK WE'VE FOUND HIS DAUGHTER!
WHAT? Y-YES, SIR! I'LL CALL HIM AT ONCE!
IS--IS IT TRUE? HAVE YOU REALLY FOUND MY DAUGHTER?
I THINK SO, MR LARRIMORE! WE'RE THE WE-DO-IT BOYS, PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS! THIS GIRL IS A GOVERNESS FOR A CLIENT OF OURS--AND SHE HAS THE BIRTHMARK ON HER FOOT THAT YOUR DAUGHTER HAD!
TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF, MY DEAR!
THERE ISN'T MUCH TO TELL! I LIVED WITH FOSTER PARENTS TILL LAST YEAR, WHEN THEY DIED! THEY TOLD ME I'D BEEN ABANDONED ON THEIR DOORSTEP SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS ABOUT A YEAR OLD!
I NEVER KNEW WHO MY PARENTS WERE-- BUT I ALWAYS HOPED SOME DAY I'D FIND THEM--AND NOW I'VE FOUND MY FATHER AT LAST! IT'S ALMOST TOO WONDERFUL TO BE TRUE!
I HATE TO FOOL THIS POOR OLD MAN! HE MUST HAVE BEEN SO UNHAPPY!
HERE IS YOUR CHECK, BOYS-- AS ADVERTISED! $50,000!
WOWIE! WE'RE RICH, STEVE!
YIPPEE! ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL? WE'LL HITCH OUR WAGON TO A STAR AND--


OOPS!
--AND TRIP OVER A STONE! KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND, PLOOPIE, OR YOU'LL COME A-CROPPER! HERE'S CHALMER'S HOUSE! MAYBE WE SHOULD GO IN AND THANK HIM--
SAY! ISN'T THAT GAIL LARRIMORE TALKING WITH MR. CHALMERS? I THOUGHT WE LEFT HER WITH HER FATHER!
SHE MUST'VE GONE OUT RIGHT AFTER WE DID! I WONDER WHY!
I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT, MR CHALMERS! I CAN'T CHEAT THAT POOR OLD MAN! HE WANTS HIS DAUGHTER SO BADLY!
WHAT KIND OF A SAP DO YOU THINK I AM? YOU CAN'T BACK OUT NOW! WE'VE GOT A FORTUNE AT STAKE!
GET BACK TO LARRIMORE AND PLAY UP TO HIM THE WAY I TOLD YOU-- OR I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOU HERE AND NOW!
WELL, PLOOPIE, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'RE NOT ENTITLED TO THAT $50,000 AFTER ALL! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
ULP! I-- I-- GUESS SO, STEVE!
WE WERE RICH FOR A LITTLE WHILE, ANYHOW! NOW LET'S GET GOING! WE HAVE A LITTLE RAT-WRECKING JOB TO TAKE CARE OF!
I'M WITH YOU, STEVE!

IF NOBODY EVER TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE, CHALMERS - YOU'RE A SNAKE!
WHA--!
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TREAT A SNAKE-- LIKE THIS!
LEFTY-- PETE-- RALPH-- HELP!
POW!
WE'RE COMIN', HURRY!
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN, CHALMERS! NOW YOU BOYS HAD BETTER STOP COMING AND GET GOING, OR--
AS A FOURTH HENCHMAN STEALS IN--
LOOK OUT!
OH! I-- I-- HIT THE WRONG ONE!
CRACK!


PRISONERS--
WHAT DO YA WANT US TO DO WITH THESE WISE BOYS, HURRY?
TOSS 'EM INTO THE WELL TILL I DECIDE HOW TO DISPOSE OF THEM!
OOHH--
HOPE YA FIND IT COMFY AND COZY DOWN THERE, PALS!
YOU'RE AN EXTRA-SMELLY SET OF SKUNKS, AREN'T YOU?
NOW WHAT, STEVE? LOOKS LIKE WE'RE SUNK--AND I DO MEAN SUNK!
NO, WE AREN'T, PLOOPIE! LOOK AT THAT LITTLE LEDGE UP THERE! MAYBE IF I STAND ON YOUR SHOULDERS--
I CAN'T QUITE MAKE IT! BRACE YOURSELF, PLOOP-- I'M GOING TO JUMP FOR IT!
ATTABOY, STEVE! YOU DID IT!
BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET MY FEET UP! THIS IS REALLY WHAT THEY CALL HANGING ON BY YOUR FINGERTIPS!
THERE!
NOW ONE MORE LEAP AND--

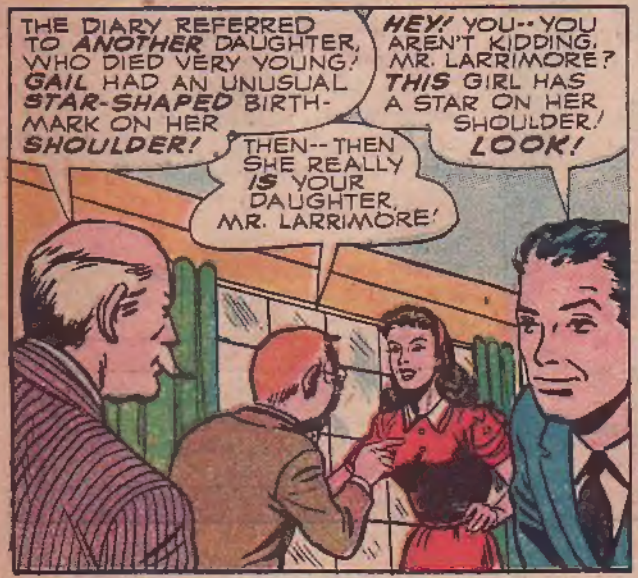

I'M OUT! THERE'S A ROPE HERE, PLOOPIE! I'LL DROP IT DOWN TO YOU AND PULL YOU OUT!
MOMENT LATER--
NOW WE'LL GO BACK AND FINISH THE JOB RIGHT! COME ON!
I'LL TAKE THIS BUCKET ALONG! IT MAY COME IN HANDY!
THERE'S ONE OF CHALMER'S PALS!
LET ME TAKE CARE OF HIM, STEVE!
NOW! HE MUST HAVE A GUN IN HIS POCKET, STEVE! GRAB IT!
UFF!
AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE HOUSE--
NOW GET BACK TO LARRIMORE, SISTER, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GUM UP THE WORKS FOR ME! IF YOU DOUBLE-CROSS ME, I'LL--
YOU'VE GOT QUITE A BARK, CHALMERS! BUT HOW'S YOUR BITE WHEN YOU'RE UP AGAINST SOMEBODY AS TOUGH AS YOURSELF?
YOU! BUT HOW DID YOU GET OUT?
GET 'EM, BOYS!

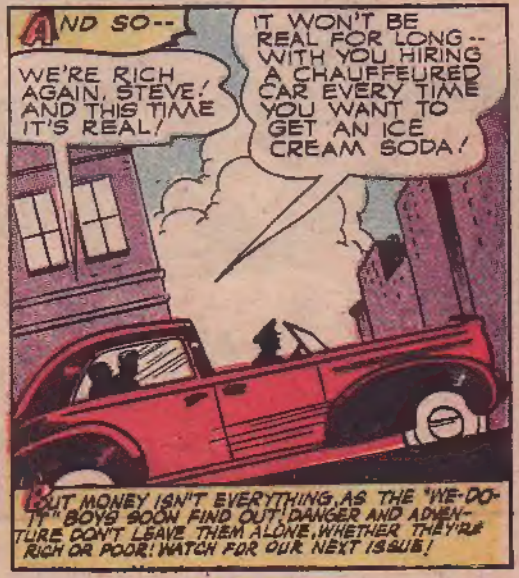
A SHOOT-OUT!
AGH!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

TAKEN UNAWARES, THE GANG SURRENDERS!
ANYONE ELSE WANT A DOSE OF THE SAME?
NO! DON'T SHOOT! WE GIVE UP!
OHHHH! MY SHOULDER!

HOLD IT--ALL OF YOU! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, MR. LARRIMORE--I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE!
THE COPS! AND LARRIMORE!

CHALMERS WAS TRYING TO SWINDLE YOU BY PRETENDING THIS GIRL WAS YOUR DAUGHTER! BUT SHE COULDN'T BEAR TO HURT YOU AND TRIED TO BACK OUT! HOW DID YOU DISCOVER SOMETHING WAS WRONG?
BUT WE FOUND IT IN YOUR DIARY--
I KNEW IT ALL ALONG, BUT I WAITED FOR THE CHANCE TO TRAP YOU, SINCE I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE SWINDLER! MY DAUGHTER GAIL NEVER HAD A BIRTHMARK ON HER FOOT!


THE DIARY REFERRED TO ANOTHER DAUGHTER, WHO DIED VERY YOUNG! GAIL HAD AN UNUSUAL STAR-SHAPED BIRTH-MARK ON HER SHOULDER!
HEY! YOU--YOU AREN'T KIDDING, MR. LARRIMORE? THIS GIRL HAS A STAR ON HER SHOULDER! LOOK!
THEN--THEN SHE REALLY IS YOUR DAUGHTER, MR. LARRIMORE!


AND SO--
WE'RE RICH AGAIN, STEVE! AND THIS TIME IT'S REAL!
IT WON'T BE REAL FOR LONG--WITH YOU HIRING A CHAUFFEURED CAR EVERY TIME YOU WANT TO GET AN ICE CREAM SODA!
BUT MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING, AS THE "WE-DO-IT" BOYS SOON FIND OUT! DANGER AND ADVENTURE DON'T LEAVE THEM ALONE, WHETHER THEY'RE RICH OR POOR! WATCH FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE!

Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says "BOYS and GIRLS GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GENUINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

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ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS

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RICH ICE CREAM
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RICH ICE CREAM
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SAVE THE BAGS
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WHAT YOU NEED IS A BUTTON HOLE MAKER LIKE THIS... IT COSTS ONLY 49ᵉᵉ AND FITS ON YOUR SEWING MACHINE — AND IT'S SO SIMPLE TO OPERATE!

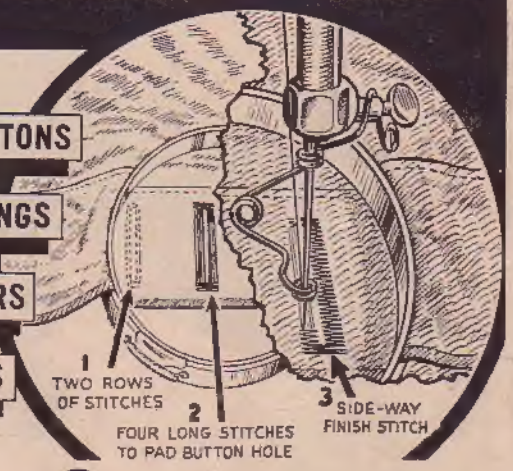
JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE BUTTON-HOLES I MADE! AND IT WAS REALLY FUN.
I KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT! AND YOU CAN DARN HOSE AND SEW ON BUTTONS & ZIPPERS WITH IT

SEW ON BUTTONS

DARN STOCKINGS

ATTACH ZIPPERS

MEND TEARS



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